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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

FRANZ LISZT

VOL. IX. JULY, 1901. No. 1.

By ELBERT HUBBARD



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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

SERIES OF 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. WAGNER | 7. LISZT |
| 2. PAGANINI | 8. BEETHOVEN |
| 3. CHOPIN | 9. HANDEL |
| 4. MOZART | 10. VERDI |
| 5. BACH | 11. SCHUMANN |
| 6. MENDELSSOHN | 12. BRAHMS |

One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique blackface; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece portrait from the original drawing made at our Shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, N. Y.

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LITTLE ~~~
JOURNEYS
To the Homes of
GREAT ~~~
MUSICIANS

Liszt

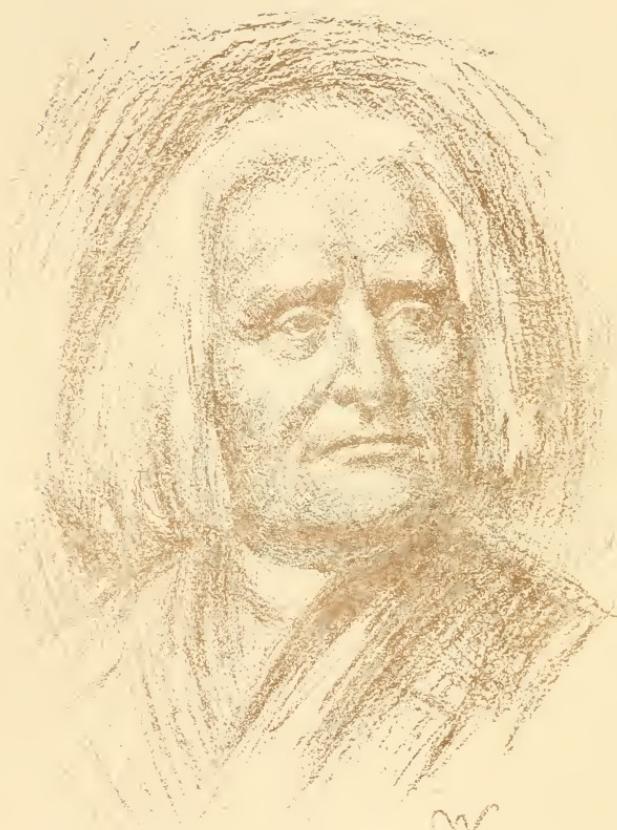
Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
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Shop, which is in ~
East Aurora, New
York, A. D. 1901 ~~~



Were I to tell you what my feelings were on carefully perusing and reperusing this essay, I could hardly find terms to express myself. Let this suffice: I feel more than fully rewarded for my trials, my sacrifices and artistic struggles, on noting the impression I have made on you in particular. To be thus completely understood was my only ambition; and to have been understood is the most ravishing gratification of my longing.

—Liszt in a Letter to Wagner.

FRANZ LISZT



W
Franz Liszt



N WRITING of Liszt there is a strong **FRANZ TEMPTATION** to work the superlative to its

farthest limit. In this instance it is well to overcome temptation by succumbing to it.

That word "genius" is much bandied, and often used without warrant; but for those rare beings who leap from the brain of Jove, full-armed, it is the only appellation. No fine-spun theory of pedagogics or heredity can account for the marvelous talent of Franz Liszt—he was one sent from God.

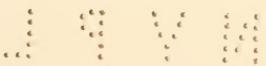
Yet we find a few fortuitous circumstances that favored his evolution. Possibly, on the other hand, there are those who might say that the boy attracted to himself the human elements that he required, & thus worked out his freedom, acquiring that wondrous ability to express his inmost emotions. Art is the beautiful way of doing things. All art is the expression of sublime emotions; and there seems a strong necessity in every soul to impart the joy and the aspiration that it feels. And further, art is for the artist first, just as work is for the worker—it is all a matter of self-development.

FRANZ And how blessed it is to think that every soul that
LISZT works out its own freedom gives freedom to others!

Liszt is the inspirer of musicians, just as Shakespeare is the inspirer of writers. Strong men make it possible for others to be strong. No man of the century gave the science of music such an impulse for good as this man. To go no farther in way of proof, let the truth be stated yet once again, that it was Franz Liszt who threw a rope to the drowning Wagner.

On October 22nd, 1811, when a man-child was born at the village of Raiding, Hungary, the heavens gave no sign, and no signal flags nor couriers proclaimed the event, all as had been done a week before when a babe was born to the Prince and Princess Esterhazy at the same place. Now the child born last was the son of obscure parents, the father being an underling secretary of the Prince, known as Liszt. The child was very weak and frail, and for some months it was thought hardly possible it could live; but Destiny decreed that the boy should not perish.

¶ The first recollections of Liszt, take in, in a happy view, four men playing cards at a square table. One of these men was the boy's father, another was Mein Herr Joseph Haydn, and the other two players are lost in the fog of obscurity. Did they ever know what a wonderful game they played, as little Franz Liszt, sitting on a corner of the table listened to their talk and admired the buttons on the coat of the Kappelmeister? After the card game Haydn sat at the piano



and played, and the boy, just three years old, thought FRANZ
he could do that, too.

LISZT

Then there was another Kappelmeister in the employ
of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy at Eisenstadt, and his
name was Hummel. He was a pupil of Mozart, and
used to tell of it quite often when he came up to Raid-
ing on little visits, after the wine had been sampled.
Liszt the Elder used to help Hummel straighten out
his accounts, and where went Liszt the Elder, there,
too, went little Franz Liszt, who was n't very strong
and banked on it, and had to be babied. So little Franz
became acquainted with Hummel and used to sit on
his knee at the piano and together they played funny
duets that set the company in a roar—two tunes at a
time, harmonious discords and counterpoint, such as
no one ever heard before, or since.

At this time there was no piano at the Liszt cottage,
but the boy learned to play at the neighbors', and prac-
ticed at the palace of the Prince. His father and mother
once took him there to hear Hummel. On this occasion
Hummel played the Concerto by Reis in C minor. After
the performance, the lad climbed up on the piano stool
and solemnly played the same thing himself, to the
immense delight of the listeners.

The father of Liszt has recorded that at this time the
child was but three years old, but after taking off the
proper per cent for the pride of a fond parent, the
probabilities are the boy was five. This is the better
attested when we remember that it was only a few

FRANZ weeks later that on the request of Prince Esterhazy
LISZT the boy played at a concert in Oedenburg.

This launched the boy on that public career which was to continue for just seventy years. There is good evidence that the boy could read music before he could read writing, and that he threw into his playing such feeling and expression as Ferdinand Reis, who merely imitated his master, Beethoven, had never anticipated. That is to say, when he played "Reis," he improved on him, with variations all his own—attempts often made with the work of great composers, but which incur risks not advised.

It will be seen that Franz Liszt, although born in poverty, yet was from the first in a distinctly musical environment. He could not remember a time when he did not attend the band concerts—his parents wanted to go, and took the baby because there were no servants to take charge of him at home. Music was in the air, and everybody discussed it, just as in Italy you may hear the beggars in the streets criticising art.

The delightful insouciance of this child-pianist won the heart of every hearer, and his success quite turned the head of his father, the worthy bookkeeper.

To give the child the advantages of an education was now his parents' one ambition. Having no money of his own, the father importuned his employer, the Prince, who rather smiled at the thought of spending time and money on such an elfin-like child. His playing was, of course, phenomenal, unaccountable, a sort of

bursting out of the sun's rays, and like the rainbow, a FRANZ thing not to be seized upon and kept. It was mere precocity, and precocity is a rare-ripe fruit, with a worm at the core.

This discouragement of the over-ambitious father was probably wise, for it gave the boy a chance to play I-spy and leapfrog in the streets of the village, and to roam the fields. The lad grew strong and well, and when ten years of age he had lengthened out into a handsome youth with already those marks of will and purpose on his beautiful face that were to be his credential to place and power.

He had often played at concerts in the towns and villages about, and when there were visitors at the palace this fine, slim son of the bookkeeper was sent for to entertain them.

This attention kept ambition alive in the heart of his parents, and after many misgivings they decided to hazard all and move to Vienna to give their boy the opportunities they felt he deserved.

The entire household effects being sold, the bookkeeper found he had nearly six hundred francs—one hundred and fifty dollars. To this Prince Esterhazy added fifty dollars, and Hummel gave his mite, and with tears of regret at breaking up the home-nest, but with high hope, flavored by chill intervals of fear, the father, mother and boy started for Vienna.

Arriving there the distinguished Carl Czerny, pupil of Beethoven, was importuned to take the lad. Only the

FRANZ letter from Hummel secured the boy an audience, for **LIZST** Czerny was already overburdened with pupils. But when he had listened to the lad's playing, he consented to take him as a pupil, merely saying that he showed a certain degree of promise. It is sternly true that Czerny did not fully come into the Liszt faith until after that concert of April 13th, 1823, when Beethoven, ripe with years, crowded his way to the front and kissed the player on both cheeks, calling him "my son." Such a greeting from the Master spoke volumes when we consider the life-long aversion that Beethoven held toward "prodigies," and his disinclination to attend all concerts but his own.

And thus did Liszt begin his professional pilgrimage, consecrated by the kiss of the Master.

¶ Paris was the next step—to Paris, the musical and artistic centre of the world. To win in Paris meant fame and fortune wherever he wished to exhibit his powers. The way the name of Franz Liszt swept through the fashionable salons of Paris is too well known to recount. Scarcely thirteen years of age, he played the most difficult pieces with peculiar precision and power. And his simple, boyish, unaffected manner—his total lack of self-consciousness—won him the affection of every mother-heart. He was fondled, feted, caressed, and took it all as a matter of course. He had not yet reached the age of indiscretion.



USIC is a secondary sexual mani- FRANZ festation, just as are the songs of LISZT birds, their gay and gaudy plum- age, the color and perfume of flowers that so delight us, and the luscious fruits that nourish us—all is sex. And then, do you not remember that expression of Re- nan's, "The unconscious coquetry

of the flowers"? Without love there would be no poetry and no music. All the manifest beauty of earth is only Nature's nuptial decoration.

Mr. James Huneker, not always judicious, but a trifle more judicial than others that might be named, declares that two women, making a simultaneous attack upon the great composer, caused him to cut for sanctuary, and hence we have the Abbe Liszt, thus proving again that love and religion are twin sisters.

The old-time biographers can easily be placed in two classes: those who sought to pillory their man, and those who sought to protect him. Neither told the truth; but each gave a picture, more or less blurred, of a being conjured forth from their inner consciousness. Franz Liszt was naturalized in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was here that he was first hailed as the infant prodigy, and proud ladies pressed to the front at his performances and struggled for the privilege of imprinting on his fair forehead a chaste and motherly kiss.



IGHT years had passed: years of work and travel and constant growing fame. The youth had grown into a man, and his return to the scene of his former triumphs was the signal for a re-gathering of the clans to note his progress—or decline. The verdict was that from *Le Petit Prodigé*, he had

evolved into something far more interesting—*Le Grand Prodigé*. Tall, handsome, strong, with a becoming diffidence and a half-shy manner, his name went abroad, and he became the rage of the salons. His marvelous playing told of his hopes, longings, fears & aspirations—proud, melancholy, imploring, sullen, sad—his tones told all.

Fair votaries followed him from one performance to another. Leaving out of the equation such mild incidents as the friendship for George Sand, which began with a brave avowal of platonics, and speedily drifted into something more complex; also the equally interesting incident of his being invited to visit the Chateau of the lovely Adele Laprunarede, and the Alpine winter catching the couple and holding them willing captives for three months, blocked there in the castle, with nothing worse than conscience and an elderly husband to appease, we reach the one, supreme love-passion in the life of Liszt. The Countess d'Agoult is worthy of much more than a passing note.

At twenty years of age she had been married to a man FRANZ twenty-one years her senior. It was a marriage de convenance—arranged by her parents and a notary in powdered wig. It is somewhat curious to find how many great women have contracted just such marriages. Grim disillusionment following, love holding nothing in store for them, they turn to books, politics or art, and endeavor to stifle their woman's nature with the husks of philosophy.

Count d'Agoult was a hard-headed man of affairs, stern, sensible and reasonably amiable—that is to say, he never smashed the furniture, nor beat his wife. She submitted to his will, and all the fine, girlish, bubbling qualities of her mind and soul were soon held in check through that law of self-protection which causes a woman to give herself unreservedly only to the one who understands. Yet the Countess was not miserable —only at rare intervals did there come moods of a sort of dread longing, unrest & homesickness; but calm philosophy soon put these moods to rout. She had focused her mind on sociology and had written a short history of the Revolution, a volume that yet commands the respect of students. At intervals she read her essays aloud to invited guests. She studied art, delved a little in music, became acquainted with the leading thinking men and women of her time, and opened her salon for their entertainment.

Three children had been born to her in six years. Maternity is a very necessary part of every good

FRANZ woman's education—"this woman's flesh demands its **LISZT** natural pains," says a great writer in a certain play. A staid, sensible woman was the Countess d'Agoult—tall, handsome, graceful, with a flavor of melancholy, reserve and disinterestedness in her make-up that made her friendship sought by men of maturity. She talked but little, and won through the fine art of listening ~~of~~. She was neither happy nor unhappy, and if the gaiety of girlhood had given way to subdued philosophy, there were still wit, smiles and gentle irony to take the place of laughter. "Life," she said, "consists in moulting one's illusions."

The Countess was twenty-nine years of age when Le Grand Prodigé, aged twenty-three, arrived in Paris. She had known him when he was Le Petit Prodigé—when she was a girl with dreams and he but a child. She wished to see how he had changed, and so went to hear him play. He was insincere, affected and artificial, she said—his mannerisms absurd and his playing acrobatic ~~and~~.

At the next concert where he played she sought him out and half-laughingly told him her opinion of his work. He gravely thanked her, with his hand upon his heart, and said that such honesty and frankness were refreshing. After the concert Liszt remembered this woman—she was the only one he did remember—she had made her impression.

He did not like her.

Soon Liszt was invited to the salon of the Countess

d'Agoult, and he, the plebeian, proudly repulsed the FRANZ fair aristocrat when her attentions took on the note of LISZT patronage. They mildly tiffed—a very good way to begin a friendship, once said Chateaubriand.

The feminine qualities in the heart of Liszt made a lure of the person who dared affront him. He needed the flint on which his mind could strike fire—nothing is so depressing as continual, mushy adulation. He sought out the Countess, and together they traversed the borderland of metaphysics, and surveyed, as the days passed, all that intellectual domain which the dawn of the twentieth century thinks it has just discovered.

She taunted him into a defense of George Sand, who had but recently returned from her escapade to Venice with Alfred De Musset. Liszt defended the author of "Leone Leoni," and read to the Countess from her books to prove his case.

When proud, haughty and religious ladies mix mentalities with sensitive youth of twenty-four, the danger line is being approached. The Grand Passions that live in history, such as that of Abelard and Heloise, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, swing in their orbit around world-weariness. Love does not concern itself with this earth alone—it demands a universe for its free expression. And the only woman who is capable of the Grand Passion—who stakes all on one throw of the dice—is the melancholy woman, with this fine religious reserve. No one suspected the Countess

FRANZ d'Agoult of indiscretion—she was too cold and self-contained for that!

And so is the world deceived by the Eternal Paradox of things—that law of antithesis which makes opposites look alike. Beneath the calm dignity of matronly demeanor the fires of love were banked off. Probably even the Countess herself did not know of the volcano that was smouldering in her heart. But there came a day when the flames burst forth, and all the reserve, poise, quiet dignity, caution and wise discretion were dissolved into nothingness in love's alembic.

Poor Franz Liszt!

Poor Countess d'Agoult!

They were powerless in the coils of such a passion. It was a mad tumult of wild intoxication, of delicious pain, of burning fears, and vain, tossing unrest. The woman's nature, stifled by its six years of coaxing marital repression, was asserting itself. Liszt did not know that a woman could love like this—neither did the woman 

Once they parted, after talking the matter over solemnly, and deciding on what was best for both—they parted, parted coldly—with a mere touching of the lips in a last good-bye.

The next week they were together again.

Then Liszt fled to the Abbe Lamennais, and in tears, sought at the confessional and in dim retirement, a surcease from the passion that was devouring him off. Here was a pivotal point in the life of Liszt, and the

Church came near, then, claiming him for her own. FRANZ And such would have been the case, were it not for the LISZT fact that one of the children of the Countess d'Agoult was sick unto death. He knew of the sleepless vigils —the weary watching of the fond mother.

The child died, and Liszt went to the parent in her bereavement, to offer the solace of religion and bid her a decent, respectful farewell, ere he left Paris forever. He thought that grief was a cure for passion, and that in the presence of death, love itself was dumb. How could he understand that, in most strong natures, tears and pain, and hope and love are kin, and that each is in turn the manifestation of a great and welling heart?

Liszt stood by the side of the Countess as the grave closed over the body of her firstborn child. And as they stood there, under the darkening sky, her hand went groping blindly for his. She wrote of this, years and years after, when seventy winters had silvered her hair and her steps were feeble—she wrote of this, in her book, called "Souvenirs," and tells how, in that moment of supreme grief, when her life was whitened and purified by the fires of pain, her hand sought his. The deep current of her love swept the ashes of grief away, and she reached blindly for the hands—those wonderful music-making hands of Liszt—that they might support her. And standing there, side by side, as the priest intoned the burial service, he whispered to her, "Death shall not divide us, nor is eternity long enough to separate thee from me!"



T WAS only a few days after that Liszt left Paris—but not for a monastery. He journeyed toward Switzerland, & stopping at Basle, he was soon joined by the Countess, her two children, and her mother.

The “abduction” set all Paris in an uproar ~~as~~ The George Sand school approved and loudly applauded the “*eclat*;” but the majority condemned and execrated. As for the injured husband, it is said he gave a banquet in honor of the event; his feelings, no doubt, being eased by the fact that the goodly dot his wife had brought him at her marriage, was now his exclusive possession. He had never gauged her character, anyway, and he inwardly acknowledged that her mind was of a sort with which he could not parry.

~~as~~ And now she had wronged him, yet in his grief he took much satisfaction, and in his martyrdom there was sweet solace.

The chief blame fell on Liszt, and the accusation that he had “broken up a happy home,” came to his ears from many sources. “They blame you and you alone,” a friend said to him.

“Good! good!” said Liszt, “I gladly bear it all.”

George Sand, plain in feature, quiet in manner, soft and feminine when she wished to be, yet possessing the mind of a man, went down to Switzerland to visit

the runaway Liszt and "The Lady Arabella." At first FRANZ thought, one might suppose that such a visit, after the LISZT former relationship, might have been a trifle embarrassing for both. But the fact that in the interval George Sand had been crunching the soul of Chopin, formed an estoppel on the memory of all the soft sentiment that had gone before. George Sand brought her two children, Maurice and Solange, and the "Lady Arabella" had two of her own to keep them company. A little family party was made up, and with a couple of servants and a guide, a little journey was taken through the mountain villages, all in genuine gypsy style ~~as~~ ~~as~~ George Sand, who worked up all life, its sensations & emotions, into good copy, has given us an account of the trip, that throws some interesting side-lights on the *dramatis personæ*.

The recounter and her children were all clothed in peasant costume—man-style, with blouses & trousers. The servants wore gypsy garb, and Liszt was arrayed like a mountaineer, and carried a reed pipe upon which he, from time to time, awoke the echoes. When the dusty, unkempt crew arrived at a village inn, the landlord usually made hot haste to secrete his silverware. Once a sudden rainstorm drove the wayfarers into a church. Liszt took his seat at the organ and played—played with such power and feeling, that the village priest ran out and called for the neighbors to come quickly as the Angel Gabriel, in the guise of a mountaineer, was playing the organ. Anthem, oratorio and

FRANZ sweet, subtle, soulful improvisation followed, and the **LISZT** villagers knelt, and eyes were filled with tears. George Sand records that she never heard such playing by the Master before; she herself wept, and yet through her tears she managed to see a few things, and here is one picture which she gives us: "The Lady Arabella sat on the balustrade, swinging one foot, and cast her proud and melancholy gaze over the lower nave, and waited in vain for the celestial voices that were supposed to vibrate in her bosom. Her abundant light hair, disheveled by the wind and rain, fell in bewildering disorder, and her eyes, reflecting the finest hue of the firmament, seemed to be wandering over the realm of God's creation after each sigh of the huge organ, played by the divine Liszt.

"'This is not what I expected,' said she to me languidly.

"'Ah, that is what you said of the mountain peaks and the glacier, yesterday,' said I."

It will be seen, by those who have read between the lines, that George Sand did not much like "the fair Lady Arabella of the wondrous length of limb." In passing, it is well to note, in way of apology for this allusion as to "length of limb," that George Sand was once spoken of by Heine as "a dumpy-duodecimo." It is much to be regretted that we have no description of George Sand by the Lady Arabella.

Years passed in study and writing, with occasional concert tours, wherein the public flocked to hear the

greatest pianist of his time. The power, grasp and insight of the man increased with the years, and wherever he deigned to play, the public was not slow in giving him that approbation which his masterly work deserved. Liszt was one of the Elect Few who train on. On these short concert trips his wife (for such she must certainly be regarded) seldom accompanied him—this in deference to his wish, and this, it seems, was the first and last & only cause of dissension between them. ~~¶~~ The Countess was born for a career and her spirit chafed at the forced retirement in which she lived ~~¶~~ Ten years had gone by and three children had been born to her and Liszt. One of these, a boy, died in youth, but one of the daughters became, as we know, the wife of Richard Wagner, and the other daughter married Ollivier, the eminent statesman and man of letters—member of the Cabinet in that memorable year, 1870, when France declared war on Germany. Both of these daughters of Liszt were women of rare mentality and splendid worth, true daughters of their father ~~¶~~ ~~¶~~

Position is a pillory; sometimes the populace will pelt you with rose leaves, at others, with ancient vegetables. Liszt believed that for his wife's peace of mind, and his own, she should not crowd herself too much to the front—he feared what the mob might say or do. We cannot say that she was jealous of his fame, nor he of hers. However, as a writer she was winning her way. But the fateful day came when the wife said,

FRANZ "From this day on I must everywhere stand by your
LISZT side, your wife and your equal, or we must part."
They parted.

Liszt made princely provision for her welfare, and the support of their children, as well as those that had come to her before they met.

She went south to Italy, and he began that most wonderful concert tour, where, in St. Petersburg, sums equal to ten thousand dollars were taken at the door for single entertainments.

Countess d'Agoult was the respected friend of King Emmanuel, and her salon at Turin was the meeting place of such men as Renan, Meyerbeer, Chopin, Berlioz and Rossini. She carried on a correspondence with Heinrich Heine, was the trusted friend of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Lamartine and Lamennais, and was on a footing of equality with the greatest and best minds of her age. She wrote several plays, one of which, "Jeanne d' Arc," was presented at the Court Theatre of Turin, with the Royal Family present, and was a marked success. Her criticism on the work of Ingres made that artist's reputation, just as surely as Ruskin made the fame of Turner. One special reason why Americans should remember this woman is because she first translated Emerson's "Essays" and caused them to be published in Italian and French. I am not sure that Liszt ever quite forgave her for not dying of a broken heart, when they parted there at Lake Maggiore. He thought she would take to opium

or strong drink, or both. She did neither, but proved, FRANZ by her after life, that she was sufficient unto herself. LISZT She was worthy of the love of Liszt, because she was able to do without it. She was no parasitic, clinging vine that strangles the sturdy oak.

The Abbe Lamennais, the close friend of Liszt, once said, "Liszt is a great musician, the greatest the world has ever seen, but his wife can easily take a mental octave which he cannot quite span."

The Countess d'Agoult died March 5, 1876, aged seventy years. When tidings of her passing reached the Abbe Liszt, he caused all of his immediate engagements to be cancelled and went into monastic retirement, wearing the horse-hair robe and a rope girdle at his waist. He filled the hours for the space of a month with silent reverie and prayer.

And even in that cloister cell, with its stone floor and cold, bare walls, the leaden hours brought the soundless presence of a tall and stately woman. Through the desolate bastions of his brain she glided in sweet disarray, looked into his tear-dimmed eyes, smoothing softly the coarse pillow where rested that head with its lion's mane which we know so well—a head now whitened by the frost of years. No sound came to him there, save a soft voice which fate refused to silence, and this voice whispered and whispered yet again—"Death shall not divide us, nor is eternity long enough to separate thee from me!"



ELIGION is not the cure of love. Perhaps love is religion and religion is love—anyway, we know that they are often fused.

For a time after Liszt had parted from the Countess d'Agoult, fortune smiled. Then came managerial experiments, various loans to friends, the backing of an ill-

starred opera, and a season of over-wrought nerves. Luck had turned against the supposed invincible Liszt. Then it was that the Princess Wittgenstein appears upon the scene. This fine woman, strong in character, earnest, intellectual, had tried ten years of marital very-hard-times and quit the partnership with a daughter and a goodly dot.

The Princess had secretly loved Liszt from afar, and had followed him from town to town, glorying in his triumphs, feeding on his personality.

When trouble came she managed to have a message conveyed to him that an unknown woman would advance, without interest or security, enough money for him to pay all his debts and secure him two years of leisure in which he might regain his health and do such work as his taste might dictate.

Of course Liszt declined the offer, but begged his unknown friend to divulge her identity that he might thank her for her disinterested faith in the cause of Art ~~ff~~ ~~ff~~

A meeting was brought about. The result was as usual. FRANZ The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, in the face of LISZT scandal, took the Abbe and Princess under protection, giving them the Chateau of Alterburg, near Weimar, for a retreat. There Liszt, guarded from all intrusion, composed the symphonies of "Dante" and "Faust," sonatas, masses and parts of "St. Elizabeth." For thirteen years they lived an idyllic existence. Then, having married her daughter by her first husband to Prince Hohenlohe, the Princess set out for Rome to obtain a dispensation from the Pope, so she and the Abbe could be married. Her husband, who was a protestant, had long before secured a divorce and married again. Pope Pius IX. granted her wish and she hastened home and prepared for the wedding. It was said that flowers were already placed on the altar, the marriage feast was prepared, the guests invited, when news came that the Pope had changed his mind on the argument of one of the lady's kinsmen. We now have every reason to believe, though, that the Pope changed his mind on the earnest request of Liszt.

On the death of the Princess Wittgenstein the Pope dispensed Liszt from his priestly ties, but he was called the Abbe until his death.

Whenever I find any one who can write better on a subject than I can, I refuse to go on. There is a book called, "Music Study in Germany," written by my friend Amy Fay, and published by The Macmillan Co., from which I propose to quote.

FRANZ If Amy Fay had not chosen to be the superb pianist
LISZT that she is, she might have struck thirteen in literature.

There are a dozen biographies of Liszt, but none of them has ever given us such a vivid picture of the man as has this American girl. The simple, unpretentious little touches that she introduces are art so subtle and true that it is the art which conceals art. The topmost turret of my ambition would be to have Amy Fay Boswellize my memory. Says Amy Fay:

Liszt is the most interesting and striking looking man imaginable. Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair; his mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. When he got up to leave the box, for instance, after his adieux to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart and made his final bow,—not with affectation, or in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper.

But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study. He is all spirit, but half the time, at least, a mocking spirit, I should say. All

Weimar adores him, and people say that women still go perfectly crazy over him. When he walks out, he bows to everybody just like a king! The Grand Duke has presented him with a beautiful house situated on the Park, and here he lives elegantly, free of expense. ~~He~~ Liszt gives no paid lessons whatever, as he is much too grand for that, but if one has talent enough, or pleases him, he lets one come to him and play to him. I go to him every other day, but I don't play more than twice a week, as I cannot prepare so much, but I listen to others. Up to this point there have been only four in the class beside myself, and I am the only new one. From four to six P. M. is the time when he receives his scholars. The first time I went I did not play to him but listened to the rest. Urspruch and Leitert, two young men whom I met the other night, have studied with Liszt a long time, and both play superbly.

As I entered Liszt's salon, Urspruch was performing Schumann's Symphonic Studies—an immense composition, and one that it took at least half an hour to get through. He played so splendidly that my heart sank down into the very depths. I thought I should never get on there! Liszt came forward and greeted me in a very friendly manner as I entered. He was in very good humor that day, and made some little witticisms. Urspruch asked him what title he should give to a piece he was composing. "Per aspera ad astra," said Liszt. This was such a good hit that I began to laugh, and he seemed to enjoy my appreciation of his little sarcasm. I did not play that time, as my piano had only just come, and I was not prepared to do so, but I went home and practiced tremendously for several days on Chopin's B minor sonata. It is a great composition, and one of his last works. When I thought I could play it, I went to Liszt, though with a trembling

FRANZ
LISZT

FRANZ LISZT heart. I cannot tell you what it has cost me every time I have ascended his stairs. I can scarcely summon up courage to go there, and generally stand on the steps a few moments before I can make up my mind to open the door and go in.

Well, on this day the artists Leitert and Urspruch, and the young composer Metzdorf, were in the room when I came. They had probably been playing. At first Liszt took no notice of me beyond a greeting, till Metzdorf said to him, "Herr Doctor, Miss Fay has brought a sonata." "Ah, well, let us hear it," said Liszt. Just then he left the room for a minute, and I told the three gentlemen that they ought to go away and let me play to Liszt alone, for I felt nervous about playing before them. They all laughed at me and said they would not budge an inch. When Liszt came back they said to him, "Only think, Herr Doctor, Miss Fay proposes to send us all home." I said I could not play before such great artists. "Oh, that is healthy for you," said Liszt with a smile, and added, "you have a very choice audience now." I don't know whether he appreciated how nervous I was, but instead of walking up and down the room, as he often does, he sat down by me like any other teacher, and heard me play the first movement. It was frightfully hard, but I had studied it so much that I managed to get through with it pretty successfully. Nothing could exceed Liszt's amiability, or the trouble he gave himself, and instead of frightening me, he inspired me. Never was there such a delightful teacher! and he is the most sympathetic one I've had. You feel so free with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in you. He doesn't keep nagging at you all the time, but he leaves you your own conception. Now and then he will make a criticism, or play a passage, and with a few words

give you enough to think of all the rest of your life. FRANZ
There is a delicate point to everything he says, as LISZT
subtle as he is himself. He does n't tell you anything
about the technique. That you must work out for
yourself. When I had finished the first movement of
the sonata, Liszt, as he always does, said, "Bravo!"
Taking my seat he made some little criticisms, and
then told me to go on and play the rest of it.

Now I only half knew the other movements, for the
first one was so extremely difficult that it cost me all
the labor I could give to prepare that. But playing to
Liszt reminds me of trying to feed the elephant in the
Zoological Garden with lumps of sugar. He disposes
of whole movements as if they were nothing, and
stretches out gravely for more! One of my fingers fortunatly began to bleed, for I had practiced the skin
off, and that gave me a good excuse for stopping.
Whether he was pleased at this proof of industry, I
know not; but after looking at my finger and saying,
"Oh!" very compassionately, he sat down and played
the whole three last movements himself. That was a
great deal and showed off all his powers. It was the
first time I had heard him, and I don't know which
was the most extraordinary—the Scherzo, with its
wonderful lightness and swiftness, the Adagio with its
depths and pathos, or the last movement, where the
whole keyboard seemed to "donnern and blitzen."
There is such a vividness about everything he plays
that it does not seem as if it were mere music you
were listening to, but it is as if he had called up a real,
living form, and you saw it breathing before your face
and eyes. It gives me almost a ghostly feeling to hear
him, and it seems as if the air were peopled with
spirits. Oh, he is a perfect wizard! It is as interesting
to see him as it is to hear him, for his face changes with

FRANZ LISZT every modulation of the piece, and he looks exactly as he is playing. He has one element that is most captivating, and that is a sort of delicate and fitful mirth that keeps peering out at you here and there. It is most peculiar, and when he plays that way, the most bewitching little expression comes over his face. It seems as if a little spirit of joy were playing hide-and-go-seek with you.

At home Liszt does n't wear his long abbe's coat, but a short one, in which he looks much more artistic. His figure is remarkably slight, but his head is most imposing. It is so delicious in that room of his! It was all furnished & put in order for him by the Grand Duchess herself. The walls are pale gray, with a gilded border running round the room, or rather two rooms, which are divided, but not separated, by crimson curtains. The furniture is crimson, and everything is so comfortable—such a contrast to German bareness and stiffness generally. A splendid grand piano stands in one window (he receives a new one every year). The other window is always wide open, and looks out on the park. There is a dove-cote just opposite the window, and doves promenade up and down on the roof of it, and fly about, and sometimes whirr down on the sill itself. That pleases Liszt. His writing table is beautifully fitted up with things that match. Everything is in bronze—ink-stand, paper-weight, match-box, etc., and there is always a lighted candle standing on it by which he and the gentlemen can light their cigars. There is a carpet on the floor, a rarity in Germany, and Liszt generally walks about and smokes & mutters, and calls upon one or the other of us to play. From time to time he will sit down and play himself where a passage does not suit him, and when he is in good spirits he makes little jests all the time. His

playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given FRANZ
me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is, or
the thousand nuances that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From
the zephyr to the tempest, the whole scale is equally at his command.

But Liszt is not at all like a master, and cannot be treated like one. He is a monarch, and when he extends his royal sceptre you can sit down and play to him. You never can ask him to play anything for you, no matter how much you're dying to hear it. If he is in the mood he will play; if not, you must content yourself with a few remarks. You cannot even offer to play yourself. You lay your notes on the table, so he can see that you want to play, and sit down. He takes a turn up and down the room, looks at the music, and if the piece interests him he will call upon you. We bring the same piece to him but once, and but once play it through.

Yesterday I had prepared for him his Au Bord d'une Source. I was nervous and played badly. He was not to be put out, however, but acted as if he thought I had played charmingly, and then he sat down and played the whole thing himself, oh, so exquisitely! It made me feel like a wood-chopper. The notes just seemed to ripple off his fingers' ends with scarce any perceptible motion. As he neared the close I noticed that funny little expression come over his face, which he always has when he means to surprise you, and he suddenly took an unexpected chord and extemporized a poetical little end, quite different from the written one. Do you wonder that people go distracted over him?

One day this week, when we were with Liszt, he was

FRANZ LISZT in such high spirits that it was as if he had suddenly become twenty years younger. A student from the Stuttgart conservatory played a Liszt concerto. His name is V., and he is dreadfully nervous. Liszt kept up a little running fire of satire all the time he was playing, but in a good-natured way. I should n't have minded it if it had been I. In fact, I think it would have inspired me; but poor V. hardly knew whether he was on his head or on his feet. It was too funny. Everything that Liszt says is so striking. For instance, in one place where V. was playing the melody rather feebly, Liszt suddenly took his seat at the piano and said, "When I play, I always play for the people in the gallery, so that those people who pay only five groschens for their seats also hear something." Then he began, and I wish you could have heard him! the sound did n't seem to be very loud, but it was penetrating and far-reaching. When he had finished, he raised one hand in the air, and you seemed to see all the people in the gallery drinking in the sound. That is the way Liszt teaches you. He presents an idea to you, and it takes fast hold of your mind & sticks there. Music is such a real, visible thing to him that he always has a symbol, instantly, in the material world to express his idea. One day, when I was playing, I made too much movement with my hand in a rotary sort of a passage where it was difficult to avoid it. "Keep your hand still, Fraulein," said Liszt, "don't make omelette." I could n't help laughing, it hit me on the head so nicely. He is far too sparing of his playing, unfortunately, and like Tausig, sits down & plays only a few bars at a time generally. It is dreadful when he stops, just as you are at the height of your enjoyment, but he is so thoroughly blasé that he does n't care to show off, & does n't like to have anyone pay him a compliment.

In Liszt I can at least say that my ideal in something FRANZ
has been realized. He goes far beyond all that I ex- LISZT
pected. Anything so perfectly beautiful as he looks
when he sits at the piano I never saw, & yet he is almost
an old man now. I enjoy him as I would an exquisite
work of art. His personal magnetism is immense, and
I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me
cry all he chooses, and that is saying a good deal, be-
cause I've heard so much music, and never have been
affected by it. Even Joachim, whom I think divine,
never moved me. When Liszt plays anything pathetic,
it sounds as if he had been through everything, and
opens all one's wounds afresh. All that one has ever
suffered comes before one again. Who was it that I
heard say once, that years ago he saw Clara Schumann
sitting in tears near the platform, during one of Liszt's
performances? Liszt knows well the influence he has
on people, for he always fixes his eyes on some one
of us when he plays, and I believe he tries to wring
our hearts. When he plays a passage, and goes pearl-
ing down the key-board, he often looks over at me and
smiles, to see whether I am appreciating it.

But I doubt if he feels any particular emotion himself
when he is piercing you through with his rendering.
He is simply hearing every tone, knowing exactly what
effect he wishes to produce and how to do it. In fact,
he is practically two persons in one—the listener and
the performer. But what immense self-command that
implies! No matter how fast he plays you always feel
that there is "plenty of time"—no need to be anxious!
You might as well try to move one of the pyramids
as fluster him. Tausig possessed this repose in a tech-
nical way, and his touch was marvelous; but he never
drew the tears to your eyes. He could not wind him-
self through all the subtle labyrinths of the heart as

FRANZ Liszt does. Liszt does such bewitching little things!
LISZT The other day, for instance, Fraulein Gaul was playing something to him, and in it were two runs, and after each run two staccato chords. She did them most beautifully, and struck the chords immediately after. "No, no," said Liszt, "after you make a run you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance. You must pause, as if to say, "How nicely I did that!" Then he sat down and made a run himself, waited a second, and then struck the two chords in the treble, saying as he did so, "Bravo!" and then he played again, struck the other chord and said again, "Bravo!" and positively, it was as if the piano had softly applauded.

Liszt has n't the nervous irritability common to artists, but on the contrary his disposition is the most exquisite and tranquil in the world. We have been there incessantly, and I 've never seen him ruffled except two or three times, and then he was tired and not himself, and it was a most transient thing. When I think what a little savage Tausig often was, and how cuttingly sarcastic Kullak could be at times, I am astonished that Liszt so rarely loses his temper. He has the power of turning the best side of every one outward, and also the most marvelous and instant appreciation of what that side is. If there is anything in you, you may be sure that Liszt will know it.

On Monday I had a most delightful tete-a-tete with Liszt, quite by chance. I had occasion to call upon him for something, and strange to say, he was alone, sitting by his table writing. Generally all sorts of people are up there. He insisted upon my staying a while, & we had the most amusing and entertaining conversation imaginable. It was the first time I ever heard Liszt really talk, for he contents himself mostly with

making little jests. He is full of esprit. Another evening I was there about twilight and Liszt sat at the piano looking through a new oratorio, which had just come out in Paris upon "Christus." He asked me to turn for him, and evidently was not interested, for he would skip whole pages and begin again, here & there. There was only a single lamp, and that a rather dim one, so that the room was all in shadow, and Liszt wore his Merlin-like aspect. I asked him to tell me how he produced a certain effect he makes in his arrangement of the ballad in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." He looked very "fin" as the French say, but did not reply. He never gives a direct answer to a direct question. "Ah," said I, "you won't tell." He smiled, and then immediately played the passage. It was a long arpeggio, and the effect he made was, as I had supposed, a pedal effect. He kept the pedal down throughout, and played the beginning of the passage in a grand sort of manner, and then all the rest of it with a very pianissimo touch, and so lightly, that the continuity of the arpeggios was destroyed, & the notes seemed to be just strewn in, as if you broke a wreath of flowers and scattered them according to your fancy. It is a most striking and beautiful effect, and I told him I did n't see how he ever thought of it. "Oh, I 've invented a great many things," said he, indifferently—"this, for instance,"—and he began playing a double roll of octaves in chromatics in the bass of the piano. It was very grand and made the room reverberate. "Magnificent," said I.

"Did you ever hear me do a storm?" said he.

"No."

"Ah, you ought to hear me do a storm! Storms are my forte!" Then to himself between his teeth, while a weird look came into his eyes as if indeed he could

FRANZ
LISZT

FRANZ indeed rule the blast, "Then crash the trees!" ~~ff~~ ~~ff~~
LISZT How ardently I wished that he would "play a storm," but of course he did n't, & he presently began to trifle over the keys in his blase style. I suppose he could n't quite work himself up to the effort, but that look and tone told how Liszt would do it. Alas, that we poor mortals here below should share so often the fate of Moses, and have only a glimpse of the Promised Land, and that without the consolation of being Moses! But perhaps, after all, the vision is better than the reality. We see the whole land, even if but a distance, instead of being limited merely to the spot where our foot treads.

Once again I saw Liszt in a similar mood, though his expression was this time comfortably rather than wildly destructive. It was when Fraulein Remmertz was playing his E flat concerto to him. There were two grand pianos in the room, and she was sitting at one, and he at the other accompanying & interpolating as he felt disposed. Finally they came to a place where there were a series of passages beginning with both hands in the middle of the piano, and going in opposite directions to the ends of the key-board, ending each time in a short, sharp chord. "Pitch everything out of the window!" cried he, and began playing these passages and giving every chord a whack as if he were splitting everything up and flinging it out, & that with such enjoyment, that you felt as if you'd like to bear a hand, too, in the work of general demolition! But I never shall forget Liszt's look as he so lazily proposed to "pitch everything out of the window." It reminded me of the expression of a big tabby-cat as it sits and purrs away, blinking its eyes & seemingly half asleep, when suddenly —! —! out it strikes with both its claws, and woe be to whatever is within its reach!

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE
HOME OF FRANZ LISZT, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT
HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS & THE WHOLE DONE
INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT
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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

VOL. IX. AUGUST, 1901. No. 2.

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

SERIES OF 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. WAGNER | 7. LISZT |
| 2. PAGANINI | 8. BEETHOVEN |
| 3. CHOPIN | 9. HANDEL |
| 4. MOZART | 10. VERDI |
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LITTLE ~~~
JOURNEYS
To the Homes of
GREAT ~~~
MUSICIANS
Beethoven

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
into a Book by the Roycrofters at their
Shop, which is in ~
East Aurora, New
York, A. D. 1901~~~

Melody has by Beethoven been freed from the influence of Fashion and changing Taste, and raised to an ever-valid, purely human type. Beethoven's music will be understood to all time, while that of his predecessors will, for the most part, only remain intelligible to us through the medium of reflection on the history of Art. —Richard Wagner.

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN



Beethoven



USIC is the youngest of the arts. Modern LUDWIG music dates back only about four hundred years. It is not so old as the invention of printing. As an art it began with the work of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church in endeavoring to arrange a liturgy. The medieval chant and the popular folk song came together, and the science of music was born. Sculpture reached perfection in Greece, painting in Italy, portraiture in Holland; but Germany, the land of thought, has given us nearly all the great musicians and nine-tenths of all our valuable musical compositions.

HOLLAND has taken an important part in every line of art and handicraft, and in way of all-round development has set the pace for civilization.

Art follows in the wake of commerce, for without commerce there is neither surplus wealth nor leisure. The artist is paid from what is left after men have bought food and clothing; and the time to enjoy comes only after the struggle for existence.

When Venice was not only Queen of the Adriatic but of the maritime world as well, Art came and established there

LUDWIG her Court of Beauty. It was Venice mothered Georg-BEETHOVEN ione, Titian, the Bellinis, and those masterful book-makers and the men who wrought in iron and silver & gold; and it was beautiful Venice that gave sustenance and encouragement to Stradivarius (who made violins as well as he could) up at Cremona, only a few miles away ~~of~~.

But there came a day when all those seventy book-makers of Venice ceased to print, and the music of the anvils was stilled, and all the painters were dead, and Venice became but a monument of things that were, as she is to-day; for Commerce is King, and his capital had been moved far away.

So Venice sits sad and solitary—a pale and beautiful ruin, pathetic beyond speech, infested by noisy shopkeepers and petty pilferers, degenerate sons of the robbers who once roamed the sea and enthroned her on her hundred isles.

All that Venice knew was absorbed by Holland. The Elzevirs and the Plantins took over the business of the seventy book-makers, and the art schools of Amsterdam, Leyden and Antwerp reproduced every picture of note that had been done in Venice. The great churches of Holland are replicas of the churches of Venice ~~of~~. And the Cathedral at Antwerp, where the sweet bells have chimed each quarter of an hour for three centuries, through peace & plenty, through lurid war and sudden death,—there where hangs Rubens' masterpiece—that Cathedral is but an enlarged “Santa

Maria de' Frari," where for two hundred years hung LUDWIG
"The Assumption," by Titian. BEETHOVEN

In these churches of Holland were placed splendid organs, and the priests formed choirs, & offered prizes for the best singers and the best compositions. Music and painting developed hand in hand, for at the last, all of the arts are one—each being but a division of labor.

The world owes a great debt to the Dutch. It was Holland taught England how to paint & how to print, and England taught us: so our knowledge of printing and painting came to us by way of the apostolic succession of the Dutch.

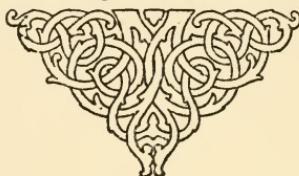
The march of civilization follows a simple trail, well defined beyond dispute. Viewed in retrospect it begins in a hazy thread stretching from Assyria into Egypt, from Egypt into Greece, from Greece to Rome—widening throughout Italy and Spain, then centering in Venice, and tracing clear and deep to Amsterdam, widening again into Germany and across to England, thence carried in "Mayflowers" to America.

That remark of Charles Dudley Warner, once near neighbor to Mark Twain, that there is no culture west of Buffalo, was indelicate if not unkind; and residents of Omaha aver that it is open to argument. But the fact stands beyond cavil that what art we possess is traceable to our masters, the Dutch.

It must be admitted that the art of printing was first practised at Mayence on the Rhine, leaving the Chinese

LUDWIG out of the equation; but it had to travel around down
BEETHOVEN through Italy before it reached perfection. And its
universality and usefulness were not fully developed
until it had swung around to Holland and was given
by the Dutch back to Germany and the world.

And as with printing, so with music. Ger-
many has specialized on music. She
has succeeded, but it is because
Holland gave her lessons.





UDVIG VAN BIETHOFEN, LUDWIG grandfather of the genius known BEETHOVEN to the world as Beethoven, lived in Antwerp along the fore part of the Seventeenth Century. A portrait of him can be seen in the Plantin Musee, and if you did not know that the picture was painted before Beethoven was born, you would say at once, "Beethoven!" There is a look of stern endurance, as if the artist had admired Rembrandt's "Burgomaster" a little too well, yet that sturdiness belonged to the Master, too; and there are the abstracted far-away look, the touch of proud melancholy, and the becoming unkemptness that we know so well.

The child is grandfather to the man. Beethoven bore slight resemblance to his immediate parents, but in his talent, habits & all of his mental traits, he closely resembled this sturdy Dutchman who composed, sang, led the military band, and played the organ at the Church of St. Jacques in Antwerp.

Being ambitious, Ludvig van Biethofen, while yet a young man, moved to Bonn, the home of Clement Augustus, Elector Archbishop of Cologne.

The chief business of Elector was, in case of necessity, to elect a king. America borrowed the elector idea from Germany. But our "Electoral College" is a degenerate political appendicle that is continued,

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN because, in borrowing plans of government, we took good and bad alike, not knowing the difference. The elector scheme in the United States is occasionally valuable for defeating the will of the people in case of a popular majority.

In justice, however, let me say that the original argument of the Colonists was that the people should not vote directly for President, because the candidate might live a long way off, and the voter could not know whether he was fit or not. So they let the citizen vote for a wise and honest elector he knew.

The result is that we all now know the candidates for President, but we do not know the electors. The Electoral College in America is just about as useful as the two buttons on the back of a man's coat, put there originally to support a sword belt. We have discarded the sword, yet we cling to our buttons.

But the Electors of Germany, in days agone, had a well defined use. The people were not, at first, troubled to elect them—the King did that himself, and then as one good turn deserves another, the Electors agreed to elect the successor the King designated, when death should compel him to abdicate. Then to fill in the time between elections, the Electors did the business of the King. It will thus be seen that every Elector was really a sort of King himself, governing his own little state, amenable to no one but the King. And so the chief business of the Elector was to keep the people in his diocese loyal to the King.

There have always existed three ways of keeping the LUDWIG people loving and loyal. One is to leave them alone, to BEETHOVEN trust them and not to interfere. This plan, however, has very seldom been practised, because the politicians regard the public as a cow to be milked, & something must be done to make it stand quiet.

So they try Plan Number Two, which consists in hypnotizing the public by means of shows, festivals, parades, prizes and many paid speeches, sermons and editorials wherein and whereby the public is told how much is being done for it, and how fortunate it is in being protected and wisely cared for by its divinely appointed guardians. Then the band strikes up, the flags are waved, three passes are made, one to the right & two to the left; and we, being completely under the hypnosis, hurrah ourselves hoarse.

Plan Number Three is a very ancient one & is always held back to be used in case that Number Two fails. It is for the benefit of the people who do not pass readily under hypnotic control. If there are too many of these, they have been known to pluck up courage and answer back to the speeches, sermons and editorials. Sometimes they refuse to hurrah when the bass drum plays, in which case they have occasionally been arrested for contumacy and contravention by stocky men in wide-awake hats, who lead the strenuous life. This Plan Number Three provides for an armed force that shall overawe, if necessary, all who are not hypnotized. The army is used for two purposes—to coerce

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN disturbers at home, and to get up a war at a distance, and thus distract attention from the troubles near at hand. Napoleon used to say that the only sure cure for internal dissension was a foreign war: this would draw the disturbers away, on the plea of patriotism, so they would win enough outside loot to satisfy them, or else they would all get killed. In case they got killed, it really did n't matter much; and as for loot, if it was taken from foreigners there was no sin.

A careful analyst might here say that Plan Number Three is only a variation of Plan Number Two—the end being gained by hypnotic effects in either event, for the army is conscripted from the people to use against the people, just as you turn steam from a boiler into the fire-box to increase the draft. Possibly this is true, but I have introduced this digression, anyway, only to show that the original office of Elector was a wise and beneficent function of Government, and could be revived with profit in America, to replace the outworn & useless vermisformis that we now possess in way of an Electoral College.





HEN Kings allowed a separation LUDWIG to come between Church & State BEETHOVEN they made a grave mistake. With the two united, as they were until a comparatively recent time, they held a cinch on both the souls and bodies of their subjects.

In the good old days in Germany the Elector was always an Archbishop. Our bishops now are a weakling lot. With no army to back their edicts the people smile at their proclamations, try on their shovel hats, and laugh at their gaiters. Or if they be Methodist bishops, who are only make-believe bishops, having slipped the cable that bound them to the past, we pound them familiarly on the back and address them as "bish."

Clement Augustus, Elector of Cologne, maintained a court that vied with royalty itself. In his household were two hundred servants. He had cooks, coachmen footmen, messengers, a body-guard, musicians, poets and artists who hastened to do his bidding. He patronized all the arts, made a pet of science, offered a reward for the transmutation of metals, dabbled in astrology and practised palmistry.

Into this brilliant court came the strong and masterful Ludvig van Biethofen.

In a year his gracious presence, superb voice and rare skill as a musician, pushed him to the front and into favor with the powers, with a yearly salary of four

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN hundred guilders. The history of this man is a deal better raw-stock for a romance than the life of his grandson. From 1732, when he entered the court as an unknown and ordinary musician with an acceptable tenor voice, to 1761, when he was Kapellmeister and a member of the private council of the Elector, his life was a steady march successward. Strong men were needed then as now, and his promotion was deserved. Various accounts and mention of this man are to be found, and by one contemporary he is described as he appeared at sixty. The only mark of age he carried was his flowing white hair. His smoothly shaven face showed the strong features of a man of thirty-five; and his carriage, actions and superb grace as an orchestra leader made him a marked figure in any company.

Ludvig van Biethofen had one son, Johann by name. This boy bore scant resemblance to his gifted father, and his training was such that he early fell a victim to arrested development.

If a parent does everything for a child, the child probably will never do anything for himself. It is Nature's plan—she seems to think that no one needs strength excepting the struggler, and being kind she comes to his rescue; but the man who puts forth no effort remains a weakling to the end.

Johann placed success beyond his reach very early in life by putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains. His marriage to the daughter of a cook in Ehrenbreitstein Castle did not stop his waywardness,

or give him decision as was hoped ~~&~~ Marriage as a LUDWIG
scheme of reformation is not always a success, and BEETHOVEN
women who lend themselves to it take great chances.

~~&~~ Mary Magdalena was a widow, and some say pos-
sessed of wiles. That she was beneath Johann in so-
cial station, but beyond him in actual worth, there is
no doubt. And whether she snared the incautious man,
or whether the marriage was arranged by the elder

Biethofen as a diplomatic move in the interests
of morality, matters little. The end justifies
the means; and as a net result of this
mating, without putting forward the
circumstance as a precedent to be
religiously followed, the world
has Beethoven & his work.



LUDWIG
BEETHOVEN



PLATE affixed to the house No. 515 Bonngasse, Bonn, gives the birth of Ludvig Beethoven as December 17th, 1770. He was the second-born child of his mother, & after him came a goodly assortment of boys and girls. Two of his brothers lived to exercise a sinister influence over the life of the master,

and to darken days that should have been luminous with love. Little Ludvig was the pet and pride of the grandfather. The grandfather had even insisted that the baby should bear his name. Disappointment in his own son caused him to center his love in the grandchild. This instinct that makes men long to live again in the lives of their children—is it reaching out for immortality? As the grandfather virtually supported the household, he was allowed to have his own way, and indeed that strong, yet cheery will was not to be opposed. The old man prophesied what the boy would do, just as love ever does, and has done, since the world began.

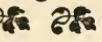
But only in his dreams was Ludvig van Biethofen to know of the success of his namesake. When the boy was scarce four years old, the old man passed away. The place in the orchestra that Johann held through favor, was soon forfeited, and times of pinching poverty followed, and sorrows came like the gathering of a winter night.

Have you never shared the mocking shame and biting pain of a drunkard's household? Then God grant you never may. When the world withdraws its faith from a man through his own imbecility, and employment is denied; when promises are unkept; where order and system are gone, and foresight fled, and loud accusation, threat and contumely vary their strident tones with maudlin protestations of affection, & vows made to be broken, easily change to curses; when the fire dies on the hearth, and children huddle in bed in the daytime for warmth; when the scanty food that is found is eaten ravenously, and blanching fear comes when a heavy tread & a fumbling at the lock are heard in the hall—these things challenge language for fit expression and cause words to falter.

The moody and dispirited Johann one day conceived a bright thought—a thought so vivid that for the moment it cleared the cobwebs from his mind and sobered his boozy brain—the genius of his five-year-old boy should be exploited to retrieve his battered fortunes!

The child was already showing signs of musical talent; and diligent practice was now begun. Several chums at the beer gardens were interviewed and great plans unfolded in beery enthusiasm. The services of several of these men were secured as tutors, and one of them, Pfeiffer, took lodgings with the Biethofens, and paid for bed and board in music lessons.

A new thought is purifying, ideas are hygienic; and already things had begun to look brighter for the

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN household. It was n't exactly prosperity, but Johann had found a place in the band, and was earning as much as three dollars a week, which amount for two weeks running he brought home and placed in his wife's lap  

But things were grievous for little Ludvig: he had two task-masters, his father and Pfeiffer. One gave him lessons on the violin in the morning, & the other took him to a tavern where there was a clavichord and made him play all the afternoon.

Then occasionally Johann and Pfeiffer would come home at two o'clock in the morning from a concert where they had been playing and where the wine was red and also free, and they would drag the poor child from bed to make him play  This was followed up until the boy's mother rebelled, and on one such occasion Pfeiffer and Johann were sent to the military hospital and dry-docked for repairs.

On the whole, though, this man Pfeiffer was kindly and usually capable. In after years Beethoven testified to the valuable assistance he had rendered him; and when Pfeiffer had grown old and helpless, Beethoven sent funds to him by the publishers, Simrock.

Young Ludvig was a stocky, sturdy youth, decidedly Dutch in his characteristics, with no nerves to speak of, else he would have laid him down and died of heart-chill and neglect, as did four of his little brothers and sisters. But he stood the ordeals, and at parlor, tavern & beer garden entertainments where he played,

although his cheeks were often stained with tears, he LUDWIG took a sort of secret pride in being able to do things BEETHOVEN which even his father could not ~~do~~. And then he was always introduced as "Ludvig Biethofen, the grandchild of Ludvig van Biethofen," and this was no mean introduction. His appearance, even then, bore strong resemblance to the lost and lamented grandfather; and Van den Eeden, the Court Organist, in loving remembrance of his Antwerp friend, took the lad into his keeping and gave him lessons. When Van den Eeden retired, Neefe, his successor, took a kindly interest in the boy and even protected him from his father and the zealous Pfeiffer. So well was the boy thought of that when he was twelve years of age Neefe established him as his deputy at the chapel organ.

Shortly after this, Max Friedrich, the new Elector, bestowed on "Louis van Beethoven, my well beloved player upon the organ and clavichord, a stipend of one hundred and fifty florins a year, and if his talent doth increase with his years the amount is to be also increased * * "

In token of the Elector's recognition Beethoven wrote three sonatas, the earliest known of his compositions, and dedicated them to Max Friedrich in 1782.

In 1784 Elector Max Friedrich died, and Max Franz was appointed to take his place. His inauguration was the signal for a renewal of musical and artistic activity. Concerts, shows and military pageants followed the installation. In a list of court appointments we find

LUDWIG that Louis Van Beethoven is put down as "second **BEETHOVEN** organist" with a salary of forty-five pounds a year.

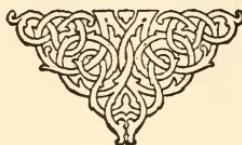
Below this is Johann Beethoven with a salary of thirty pounds a year. And in one of the court journals mention is made of Johann Beethoven with the added line, "father of Ludvig Beethoven," showing even then the man's source of distinction.

In 1787, Beethoven, then in his eighteenth year, made a visit to Vienna in company with several musicians from the Elector's court at Bonn. This visit was a memorable event in the life of the master, every detail of which was etched upon his memory, to be effaced only by death.

It was on this visit to Vienna that he met Mozart, and played for him. Mozart gave due attention and when the player had ceased he turned to the company and said, "Keep your eye on this youth—he will yet make a noise in the world!"

The remark, if closely analyzed, reveals itself as non-committal; and although it has been bruited as praise the round world over, it was probably an electrotype expression, used daily; for great musicians are called upon at every turn to listen to prodigies. I once attended "rhetoricals" where the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew was present. Being called upon to "make a few remarks," the Senator from New York arose and referred to one of the speeches given by a certain sophomore as "unlike anything I ever heard before!" Genius very seldom recognizes genius.

Beethoven had a self-sufficiency, even at that early LUDWIG time, that stood him in good stead. He felt his BEETHOVEN power, and knew his worth. That steadfast, obstinate quality in his make-up was not in vain. He let others quote Mozart's remark ; but he had matched himself against the Master, and was not abashed.





INSHIP is a question of spirit and not a matter of blood. How often do we find persons who, in feeling, are absolutely strangers to their own brothers and sisters! Occasionally even parents fail in understanding their children. The child may hunger for a sympathy & love that the mother knows nothing of,

and cry itself to sleep for a tenderness withheld. Later this same child may evolve aspirations and ambitions that seem to the other members of the family mere whims and vagaries to be laughed down, or stoutly endured, as the mood prompts.

Knowing these things, do we wonder at the question of long ago, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" Beethoven was a beautiful brown thrush in a nest of cuckoos. He could sing and sing divinely, and the members of his household were glad because it brought an income in which they all shared.

About the year 1795 Beethoven went to Vienna, and as he had been heralded by several persons of influence, his reception was gracious. Charity has its periods of evolving into a fad, and at this time the fashion was musical entertainments in aid of this or that. Slight suspicions exist that these numerous entertainments were devised by fledgeling musicians for their own aggrandizement, and possibly patrons fanned the philanthropic flame to help on their proteges. Beethoven was

of too simple and guileless a nature to aid his fortunes LUDWIG with the help of any social jimmy, but we see he was BEETHOVEN soon in the full tide of local popularity. His ability as a composer, his virile presence, & his skill as a player, made his company desired. From playing first for charity, then at the houses of nobility, and next as a professional musician, he gradually mounted to the place to which his genius entitled him.

Then we find his brothers, Carl and Johann, appearing on the scene, with a fussy yet earnest intent to take care of the business affairs of their eccentric and absent-minded brother. Ludvig let himself fall into their way of thinking—it was easier than to oppose them—and they began to drive bargains with publishers and managers. Their intent was to sell for cash and in the highest market; and their strenuous effort after the Main Chance put their gifted brother in a bad plight before the world of art. Beethoven's brothers seized his very early and immature compositions & sold them without his consent or knowledge. So humiliated was Beethoven by seeing these productions of his childhood hawked about that he even instituted lawsuits to get them back that he might destroy them. To boom a genius and cash his spiritual assets is a grave and delicate task—perhaps it is one of those things that should be left undone. Much anguish did these rapacious brothers cause the divinely gifted brown thrush, and when they began to quarrel over the receipts between themselves, he begged them to go away and

LUDWIG leave him in peace. He finally had to adopt the ruse
BEETHOVEN of going back to Bonn with them; and got them
established in the apothecary business, before
he dare manage his own affairs. But they
were bad angels and the wind of their
wings withered as they hovered
around their brother down
to the day of his death.





HEN silence settled down upon LUDWIG Beethoven, and every piano was BEETHOVEN for him a mute, and he, the maker of sweet sounds, could not hear his own voice, or catch the words that fell from the lips of those he loved, Fate seemed to have done her worst.

And so he wrote, "Forgive me then if you see me turn away when I would gladly mix with you. For me there is no recreation in human intercourse, no conversation, no sweet interchange of thought. In solitary exile I am compelled to live. When I approach strangers a feverish fear takes possession of me, for I know that I will be misunderstood. * * * But O God, Thou lookest down upon my inward soul! Thou knowest, and Thou seest that love for my fellow-men, and all kindly feelings have their abode here. Patience! I may get better—I may not—but I will endure all until Death shall claim me, and then joyously will I go!" *ff*

The man who could so express himself at twenty-eight years of age must have been a right brave and manly man. But art was his solace, as it should be to every soul that aspires to become.

Great genius and great love can never be separated—in fact I am not sure but that they are one & the same thing. But the object of his love separated herself from Beethoven when calamity lowered. What woman,

LUDWIG young, bright, vigorous and fresh, with her face to the BEETHOVEN sun-rising, would care to link her fair fate with that of a man sore stricken by the hand of God! And then there is always a doubt about the genius—is n't he really only a fool after all!

Art was Beethoven's solace. Art is harmony, beauty and excellence. The province of art is to impart a sublime emotion. Beethoven's heart was filled with divine love—and all love is divine—and through his art he sought to express this love to others. But his physical calamity made him the butt and byword of the heedless wherever he went. Within the sealed-up casements of his soul Beethoven heard the Heavenly Choir; and as he walked, bareheaded, upon the street, oblivious to all, centered in his own silent world, he would sometimes suddenly burst into song. At other times he would beat time, talk to himself and laugh aloud. His strange actions would often attract a crowd, and rude persons, ignorant of the man they mocked, would imitate him or make mirth for the bystanders, as they sought to engage him in conversation. At such times the master might be dragged back to earth, and seeing the coarse faces and knowing the hopelessness of trying to make himself understood, he would retreat in terror

Six months or more of each year were spent in the country in some obscure village about Vienna. There he could walk the woods and traverse the fields alone and unnoticed, and there out under the open sky much

of his best work was done. The famous "Moonlight LUDWIG Sonata" was shaped on one of these lonely walks by BEETHOVEN night across the fields when the master could shake his shaggy head, lift up his face to the sky, and cry aloud, all undisturbed. In the recesses of his imagination he saw the sounds. There are men to whom sounds are invisible symbols of forms and colors.

The law of compensation never rests. Everything conspired to drive Beethoven in upon his art—it was his refuge and retreat. When love spurned him, and misunderstandings with kinsmen came, and lawsuits and poverty added their weight of woe, he fell back upon music, and out under the stars he listened to the sonatas of God. Next day he wrote them out as best he could, always regretting that his translations were not quite perfect. He was ever stung with a noble discontent, and in times of exaltation there rang in his deaf ears the words, "Arise and get thee hence for this is not thy rest!" 

And so his work was in a constant ascending scale. Richard Wagner has acknowledged his indebtedness to Beethoven in several essays, and in many ways. In fact it is not too much to say that Beethoven was the spiritual parent of Wagner. From his admiration of Beethoven, Wagner developed the strong, sturdy independent quality of his nature that led to his exile—and his success.

Behold the face of Ludvig Beethoven—is there not something Titanic about it? What selfness, what will,

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN what resolve, what power! **¶** And those tear-stained eyes,—have they not seen sights of which no tongue can tell, nor pen make plain!

His life of solitude helped to foster the independence of his nature, and kept his mind clear and free from all the idle gossip of the rabble. He went his way alone, and played court fool to no titled and alleged nobility. The democracy of the man is not our least excuse for honoring him. He was one with the plain people of earth, and the only aristocracy he acknowledged was the aristocracy of intellect.

¶ In his work done after his fortieth year there are a greater freedom, an ease and an increased strength, with a daring quality which uplifts & gives you courage. The tragic interest and intense emotionalism are gone, and you behold a resignation and the success that wins by yielding. The man is no longer at war with destiny. There is no struggle.

We pay for everything we receive,—nay, all things can be attained if we but pay the price. One of the very few Emancipated Men in America bought redemption from the bondage of selfish ambition at a terrible price. Years and years ago he was in the Rocky Mountains, rough, uneducated, heedless of all that makes for righteousness. This man was caught in a snow storm, on the mountain side. He lost his way, became dazed with cold and fell exhausted in the snow. When found by his companions the next day, death had nearly claimed him. But skillful help brought him back to life,

yet the frost had killed the circulation in his feet. Both LUDWIG
legs were amputated just below the knees. BEETHOVEN

This changed the current of the man's life. Foot races, boxing matches and hunting of big game were out of the question. The man turned to books and art and questions of science and sociology.

Thirty summers have come and gone. This gentle, loving and sympathetic man now walks with a cane, and few know of his disability and of his artificial feet. Speaking of his spiritual re-birth, this man of splendid intellect said to me, with a smile: "It cost me my feet, but it was worth the price."

I shed no maudlin tears over the misfortunes of Beethoven. He was what he was because of what he endured. He grew strong by bearing burdens. All things are equal-ized, and by the Cross is the world redeemed. God be praised! it is all good.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE
HOME OF LUDWIG BEETHOVEN, AS WRITTEN BY EL-
BERT HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE, INITIALS AND
ORNAMENTS DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND
THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOKLET BY THE ROY-
CROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AU-
RORA, IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST IN THE YEAR MCMI.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL

VOL. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 3.

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

SERIES OF 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. WAGNER | 7. LISZT |
| 2. PAGANINI | 8. BEETHOVEN |
| 3. CHOPIN | 9. HANDEL |
| 4. MOZART | 10. VERDI |
| 5. BACH | 11. SCHUMANN |
| 6. MENDELSSOHN | 12. BRAHMS |

One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique blackface; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece portrait from the original drawing made at our Shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

*THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, N. Y.*

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LITTLE ~~~
JOURNEYS
To the Homes of
GREAT ~~~
MUSICIANS
H a n d e l

Written by Elbert
Hubbard and done
into a Book by the
Roycrofters at their
Shop, which is in ~
East Aurora, New
York, A. D. 1901~~~

When generations have been melted into tears, or raised to religious fervor — when courses of sermons have been preached, volumes of criticisms been written, and thousands of afflicted and poor people supported by the oratorio of "The Messiah"—it becomes exceedingly difficult to say anything new. Yet no notice of Handel, however sketchy, should be written without some special tribute of reverence to this sublime treatment of a sublime subject. Bach, Graun, Beethoven, Spohr, Rossini, and Mendelssohn, have all composed on the same theme. But no one in completeness, in range of effect, in elevation and variety of conception, has ever approached Handel's music upon this particular subject.

—Rev. H. R. Haweis.

GEORG HANDEL



Handel



ID you meet Michael Angelo while you GEORG were in Rome?" asked a good Roycroft HANDEL girl of me the other day.

"No, my Dear, no," I answered, and then I gulped hard to keep back some very foolish tears. "No, I did not meet Michael Angelo," I said, "I expected to, & was always looking for him; but these eyes never looked into his, for he died just three hundred years before I was born." But how natural was this question asked me by this bright country girl! She had been examining a lot of photographs of the Sistine Chapel, and had seen pictures of the "Il Penseroso," the "Night" and "Morning," the "Moses;" and then she had seen on my desk a bronze cast of the hand of the "David"—that magnificent hand with the gently curved wrist.

These things lured her—the splendid strength and suggestion of power in it all had caught her fancy, and the heroic spirit of the master seemed very near to her. It all meant pulsating life and hope that was deathless; and the thought that the man who did the work had turned to dust three centuries ago, never occurred to this naive, budding soul.

GEORG "Did you meet Michael Angelo while you were in
HANDEL Rome?" No, dear girl, no. But I saw St. Peter's that he planned, and I saw the result of his efforts—things worked out and materialized by his hands—hands that surely were just like this hand of the "David."

The Artist gives us his best—gives it to us forever, for our very own. He grows a-weary and lies down to sleep—to sleep and wake no more, deeding to us the mintage of his love. And as love does not grow old, neither does Art. Fashions change, but hope, aspiration and love are as old as Fate who sits & spins the web of life. The Artist is one who is educated in the three H's—head, heart and hand. He is God's child—no less are we—and he has done for us the things we would have liked to do ourselves.

The classic is that which does not grow old—the classic is the eternally true.

"Did you meet Michael Angelo in Rome?" Why, it is the most natural question in the world! At Stratford I expected to see Shakespeare; at Weimar I was sure I would meet Goethe; Rubens just eluded me at Antwerp; at Amsterdam I caught a glimpse of Rembrandt; in the dim cloisters of St. Mark's at Florence I saw Savonarola in cowl and robe; over Whitehall in London I beheld the hovering smoke of martyr fires, and knew that just beyond the walls Ridley and Latimer were burned; and only a little way outside of Jerusalem a sign greets the disappointed traveler, thus: **HE IS RISEN—HE IS NOT HERE!**



N ONE of his delightful talks—**GEORG** talks that are as fine as his feats **HANDEL** of leadership—Mr. Walter Damrosch has referred to Handel as a contemporary. The expression is surely fitting, for in the realm of truth, time is an illusion, and the days are shadows.

Georg Friedrich Handel was born in 1685, and died in 1759. His dust rests in Westminster Abbey, and above the tomb towers his form cut in enduring marble. There stands the man, serene and poised, accepting benignly the homage of the swift passing generations. For over a hundred years this figure has stood there in its colossal calm, and through the cathedral shrines, the aisles, and winding ways of dome and tower, Handel's music still peals its solemn harmonies *ff*.

At Exeter Hall is another statue of Handel, seated, holding in his hand a lyre. At the Foundling Hospital (which he endowed) is a bust of the master, done in 1758; and at Windsor is the original of still another bust that has served for a copy of the very many casts in plaster and clay that are in all the shops.

There are at least fifty different pictures of Handel, & nearly this number were brought together at South Kensington, on the occasion of a recent Handel and Haydn Festival.

ff When Gladstone once referred to Handel as our

GEORG greatest English Composer, he refused to take it back
HANDEL even when a captious critic carped and sneezed.

Handel essentially belongs to England, for there his first fierce battles were fought, and there he won his final victory. To be sure, he did some preliminary skirmishing in Germany and Italy; but this was only getting his arms ready for that conflict which was to last for half a century—a conflict with friends, foes and fools.

But Handel was too big a man to be undermined by either the fulsome flattery of friends, or the malice of enemies, who were such only because they did not understand. And so always to the fore he marched, zigzagging occasionally, but the Voice said to him, as it did to Columbus, "Sail on, and on, and on." Like the soul of John Brown, the spirit of Handel goes marching on. And Sir Arthur Sullivan was right when he said, "Musical England owes more to Father Handel than to any ten men who can be named—he led the way for us all, and cut out a score that we can only imitate."





GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL, GEORG
six feet one, weight one hundred HANDEL
and eighty, rubicund, rosy, and full
of romp, aged twenty-four, was at
the Court of George of Brunswick,
at Hanover, in 1709. George of
Brunswick was to have the felicity
of being King George the First of
England, & already he was strain-

ing his gaze across the Channel.

At his Court were divers and sundry English noblemen. Handel was a prime favorite with everyone in this merry company. The ladies doted on him. A few gentlemen, possibly, were slightly jealous of his social prowess, yet none pooh-poohed him openly, for only a short time before he had broken a sword in a street duel with a brother musician, and once had thrown a basso profundo, who sang off key, through a closed window. All this to the advantage of a passing glazier, who, being called in, was paid his fee three times over for repairing the sash. It's an ill wind, etc.

Handel played the harpsichord well, but the organ better. In fact, he played the organ in such a masterly manner that he had no competitor, save a phenomenal yokel by the name of John Sebastian Bach. These men were born just a month apart. St. Cecilia used to whisper to them when they were wee babies. For several years they lived near each other, but in this life they never met.

GEORG Handel was an aristocrat by nature, even if not exactly **HANDEL** so by birth, and so had nothing to do with the modest and bucolic Bach—even going so far, they do say, as to leave, temporarily, the City of Halle, his native place, when a contest was suggested between them. Bach was the supreme culminating flower of two hundred and fifty years of musical ancestors—servants to this Grand Duke or that. But in the tribe of Handel there was not a single musical trace. Georg Friedrich succeeded to the art, and at it, in spite of his parents. But never mind that! He had been offered the post as successor to Buxtehude, and Buxtehude was the greatest organist of his time. He accepted the invitation to play for the Buxtehude contingent. A musical jury sat on the case, and decided to accept the young man, with a proviso that Handel (taught by Orpheus) should take to wife the daughter of Buxtehude—this in order that the traditions might be preserved.

Handel declined the proposition with thanks, declaring he was unworthy of the honor.

Young Handel had spent two years in Italy, had visited most of the capitals of Europe, had composed several operas and numerous songs. He was handsome, gracious and talented. Money may use its jimmy to break into the Upper Circles; but to Beauty, Grace, and Talent that does not shiver or shrink, all doors fly open. And now the English noblemen requested—nay, insisted—that Handel should accompany them back to Merry England.

He went, and being introduced as Signor Handello, he GEORG was received with salvos of welcome. There is a time HANDEL to plant, and a time to reap. There is a time for everything—launch your boat only at full of tide. London was ripe for Italian Opera. The discovery had recently been made in England that Art was born in Italy. It had traveled as far as Holland, and so Dutch artists were hard at work in English manor houses, painting portraits of ancestors, dead and living & Music, one branch of Art, had made its way up to Germany, and here was an Italian who spoke English with a German accent, or a German who spoke Italian—what boots it, he was a great musician!

& Handel's Italian opera "Rinaldo" was given at a theatre that stood on the site of the present Haymarket. The production was an immense success. All educated people knew Latin (or were supposed to know it), & Handello announced that his Italian was an improvement on the Latin. And so all the scholars flocked to see the play, & those who were not educated came, too, & looked knowing. In order to hold interest, there were English syncopated songs between the acts—rag-time is a new word, but not a new thing.

Handel was very wise in this world's affairs. He assured England that it was the most artistic country on the globe. He wrote melodies that everybody could whistle. Airs from "Rinaldo" were thrummed on the harpsichord from Land's End to John O'Groats. The grand march was adopted by the Life Guards, and at

GEORG least one air from that far off opera has come down **HANDEL** to us—the “Tascie ch’io pianga,” which is still listened to with emotion unfeigned. The opera being uncopiedrighted, was published entire by an enterprising Englishman from Dublin by the name of Walsh. At two o’clock one morning at the “Turk’s Head,” he boasted he had cleared over two thousand pounds on the sale of it. Handel was present and responded, “My friend, the next time you will please write the opera, and I will sell it.” Walsh took the hint, they say, and sent his cheque on the morrow to the author for five hundred pounds. And the good sense of both parties is shown in the fact that they worked together for many years, and both reaped a yellow harvest of golden guineas.

On the birthday of Queen Anne, Handel inscribed to her an ode, which we are told was played with a full band. The performance brought the diplomatic Handel a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

Next, to celebrate the peace of Utrecht, the famous “Te Deum” and “Jubilate” were produced, with a golden garter as a slight token of recognition.

Good Queen Anne passed away as even good queens do, and fuzzy-witted George of Hanover came over to be King of England, and transmit his fuzzy-wuzzy wit to all the Georges. About his first act was to cut off Handel’s pension, “because,” he said, “Handel ran away from me at Hanover.”

A time of obscurity followed for Handel, but after

some months, when the Royal Barge went up the **GEORG**
Thames, a band of one hundred pieces boomed along-
side, and played a deafening racquet, with horse-pistol
accompaniments. The King made inquiries and found
it was "Water-Music," composed by Herr Handel, &
dedicated in loving homage to King George the First.
¶ When the Royal Barge came back down the river,
Herr Handel was aboard, and accompanied by a pop-
ping of corks, was proclaimed Court Musician, and
his back pension ordered paid.

The low ebb of art is seen in that the various operas
given about this time by Handel, great stress is made
in the bills about costume, scenery and gorgeous stage
fittings. When accessories become more than the play
—illustrations more than the text—millinery more
than mind—it is unfailing proof that the age is frivo-
lous **¶¶**

Art, like commerce and everything else, obeys the law
of periodicity. Handel saw the tendency of the
times, & advertised, "The fountain to be seen
in 'Amadigi' is a genuine one, the pump
real, and the dog alive." **¶** Three
hours before the doors opened, the
throng stood in line, waiting.



GEORG
HANDEL



UT London is making head. Other good men and true are coming to town. Handel does not know much about them, or care, perhaps. His wonderful energy is manifesting itself in the work of managing theatres and concerts, giving lessons and composing songs, arias, operas, and attending receptions where "the ladies refrain from hoops for fear of the crush," to use the language of Samuel Pepys.

In shirt sleeves, in a cheap seat in the pit, at one of Handel's performances, is a big lout of a fellow, with scars of scrofula on his neck and cheek. Next to him is a little man, and these two, so chummy and confidential, suggest the long and short of it. They are countrymen, recently arrived, empty of pocket, but full of hope. They have a selfish eye on the stage, for the big 'un has written a play and wants to get it produced ~~itself~~.

The little man's name is David Garrick; the other is Samuel Johnson.

They listen to the singing, and finally Samuel turns to his friend and says, "I say, Davy, music is nothing but a noise that is less disagreeable than some others." ~~it~~ They would go away, would these two, but they have paid good money to get in, and so sit it out disgustedly, watching the audience and the play alternately ~~itself~~.

In one of the boxes is a weazened little man, all out **GEORG** of drawing, in a black velvet doublet, satin breeches, **HANDEL** and silk stockings. At his side is a rudimentary sword. The man's face is sallow, and shrewdness & selfishness are shown in every line. He looks like a baby suddenly grown old. The two friends in the pit have seen this man before, but they have never met him face to face, because they do not belong to his set.

"Do you think God is proud of a work like that?" at last asked Davy, jerking his thumb toward the bad modeling in courtly black.

"God never made him." The big man swayed in his seat, and added, "God had nothing to do with him—he is the child of Beelzebub."

"Think 'ee so?" asks Davy, "why, Mephisto has some pretty good traits; but Alexander Pope is crooked as an interrogation point, inside and out."

"I hear he wears five pairs of stockings to fill out his shanks, and sole-leather stays to keep him from flattening out like a devil fish," said Dr. Johnson.

"But he makes a lot o' money!"

"Well, he has to, for he pays an old woman a hundred guineas a year to dress and undress him."

"I know, but she writes his heroic couplets, too!"

"Davy, I fear you are getting cynical—let 's change the subject."

It surely is a case of artistic jealousy.

Our friends locate the poet Gay, a fat little man, who is with his publisher, Rich.

GEORG "They say," says Samuel, again rolling in his seat as **HANDEL** if about to have an apoplectic fit, "they say that Gay has become rich, and Rich has become gay since they got out that last book."

There comes an interlude in the play, and our friends get up to stretch their legs.

"How now, Dick Savage?" calls Samuel, as he pushes three men over like nine pins, to seize a shabby fellow whose neck-cloth and hair-cut betray him as being a poet. "How now, Dick, you said that Italian music was damnable bad! Why do you come to hear it?"

"I came to find out how bad it is," replies the literary man. "Eh! your reverence," he adds to his companion, a sharp-nosed man with china-blue eyes, in Church-of-England knee breeches, high-cut vest, and shovel hat.

Dean Swift replies with a knowing smirk, which is the nearest approach to a laugh in which he ever indulged. Then he takes out his snuff box and taps it, which is a sign that he is about to say something worth while.

"Yes, one must go everywhere, & do everything, just to find out how bad things are. By this means we clergymen are able to intelligently warn our flocks. But I came to-night to hear that rogue Buononcini—you know he is from County Down—I used to go to school with him," and the Dean solemnly passes the snuff box.

Garrick here bursts into a laugh, which is broken off short by a reproving look from the Dean, who has gotten the snuff box back and is meditatively tapping it

again. The friends listen, and hear from the muttering lips of the Dean, this: GEORG
HANDEL

Some say that Signor Buononcini,
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
Whilst others vow that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
"Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

The people are tumbling back into their seats as the musicians come stringing in. Soon there is a general tuning up—scrapings, toots, snorts, subdued screeches, raspings, and all that busy buzz-fuzz business of getting ready to play.

"The first time we came to the opera Dr. Johnson thought this was all a part of the play, and applauded with unction for an encore," says Garrick.

"And I heard nothing finer the whole evening," answers Dr. Johnson, accepting the defi, and winning by yielding.

"Why don't they tune up at home, or behind the scenes?" asks someone.

"I 'll tell you why," says Savage, and he relates this: "Handel is a great man for system—he is a strict disciplinarian, as any man must be to manage musicians, who are neither men or women, but a third sex. Often Handel has to knock their heads together, and once he shook the Cuzzoni until her teeth chattered."

"That 's the way you have to treat any woman before she will respect you," interrupts the Dean.

GEORG Nothing else being forthcoming, Savage continues:
HANDEL "Handel is absolute master of everything but Death and Destiny. Now he did n't like all this tuning up before the audience; he said you might as well expect the prima donna to make her toilet in front of the curtain"—

"I like the idea," says Johnson.

Savage praises the interruption and continues, "And so ordered every man to tune up his artillery a half hour before the performance, and carry his instrument in and lay it on his chair. Then when it came time to commence, every musician would walk in, take up his instrument, and begin. The order was given, and all tuned up. Then the players all adjourned for refreshments.

"In the interval a wag entered and threw every instrument out of key.

"It came time to begin—the players marched in like soldiers. Handel was in his place. He rapped once—every player seized his instrument as though it were a musket. At the second rap the music began—and such music! Some of the strings were drawn so tight that they snapped at the first touch; others merely flapped; some growled; & others groaned & moaned or squealed. Handel thought the orchestra was just playing him a scurvy trick. He leaped upon the stage, kicked a hole in the bass viol, and smashed the kettle drum around the neck of the nearest performer. The players fled before the assault, & he bombarded them

with cornets and French horns as they tumbled down the stairs ~~as~~

GEORG
HANDEL

"The audience roared with delight, and not one in forty guessed that it was not a specially arranged Italian feature. But since that evening all tuning up is done on the stage, and no man lets his instrument get out of his hands after he gets it right."

"It's a moving tale, invented as an excuse for a man who writes music so bad that he gets disgusted with it, himself, and flies into wrath when he hears it," says Johnson.

A subdued buzz is heard, & the master comes forth, gorgeous in a suit of purple velvet. His powdered wig and the enormous silver buckles on his shoes set off his figure with the proper accent. His florid face is smiling, and Garrick expresses a regret that there are to be no impromptu tragic events in way of chasing the players from the stage.

"Would you like to meet him?" asks the sharp-nosed Dean ~~as~~

Garrick and Johnson have enough of the rustic in them to be lion-hunters, and they reply to the question as one man, "Yes, indeed!"

"I'll arrange it," was the answer. The leader raps for attention. Johnson closes his eyes, sighs, & leans back resignedly. The others look and listen with interest as the play proceeds.

GEORG
HANDEL



HE other day I read a book by Madame Columbier, entitled "Sara Barnum." Only a person of worth could draw forth such a fire of hot invective, biting sarcasm, & frenzied vituperation as this volume contains. When I closed the volume it was with the feeling that Sara Bernhardt is surely the greatest woman of the age; and I was fully resolved that I must see her play at the first opportunity, no matter what the cost. And as for Madame Columbier, why she is n't so bad, either! The flashes of lightning in her sword-play are highly interesting. The book was born, as all good books, because its mother could not help it. Behind every page and between the lines, you see the fevered toss of human emotion and hot ambition—these women were rivals. There were digs, and scratches, bandied epithets in falsetto, and sounds like a piccolo played by a man in distress, before all this; and these are not explained, so you have to fill them in with your imagination. But the Bernhardt is the bigger woman of the two. She goes her splendid pace alone, and all the other woman can do is to bombard her with a book.

The excellence of Handel is shown in that he achieved the enmity of some very good men. Read the "Spectator," and you will find its pages well peppered with thrusts at "foreigners," and sweeping cross-strokes

at Italian Opera and all "bombastic beaters of the air, GEORG who smother harmony with bursts of discord in the HANDEL name of music."

These battles royal between the kings of art are not so far removed from the battles of the beasts. Rosa Bonheur has pictured a duel to the death between stallions; and that battle of the stags—horn-locked—with the morning sun revealing Death as victor, by Landseer, is familiar to us all. Then Landseer has another picture which he called "The Monarch," showing a splendid stag, solitary and alone, standing on a cliff, overlooking the valley. There is history behind this stag. Before he could command the scene alone, he had to vanquish foes; but in the main, in some way, you feel that most of his battles have been bloodless and he commands by divine right. The Divine Right of a King, if he be a King, has its root in truth.

One mark of the genius of Handel is shown in the fact that he achieved a split and created a ruction in the Society of Scribblers. He once cut Dean Swift dead at a fashionable gathering—the doughty Dean, who delighted in making men and women alike crawl to him—and this won him the admiration of Colley Cibber, who immortalized the scene in a sonnet. People liked Handel, or they did not, and among the Old Guard who stood by him, let these names, among others, be remembered: Colley Cibber, Gay, Arbuthnot, Pope, Hogarth, Fielding, and Smollett.

People who through incapacity are unable to compre-

GEORG HANDEL tend or appreciate music, are prone to wax facetious over it—the feeble joke is the last resort of the man who does not understand.

The noisy denizens of Grub Street, drinking perdition to that which they cannot comprehend, always getting ready to do great things, seem like fussy pygmies beside a giant like Handel. See the fifth act ere the curtain falls on the lives of Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Steele, Addison, and Dean Swift—dead at the top, the last, and the others unhappily sent into Night; and then behold Georg Friedrich Handel, in his seventy-fifth year, blind, but with inward vision all aflame, conducting the oratorio of "Elijah" before an audience of five thousand people!

The life of Handel was packed with work and projects too vast for one man to realize. That he deferred to the London populace and wrote down to them, at first, is true; but the greatness of the man is seen in this—he never deceived himself. He knew just what he was doing, and in his heart was ever a shrine to the Ideal, and upon this altar the fires never died.

Handel was a man of affairs as well as a musician, & if he had loved money more than Art, he could have withdrawn from the fray at thirty years of age, passing rich ~~as~~

Three times in his life he risked his all in the production of Grand Opera, and once saw a sum equal to fifty thousand dollars disappear in a week, through the treachery of Italian artists who were pledged to

help him. At great expense and trouble he had gone GEORG abroad and searched Europe for talent; and regardless HANDEL of outlay, had brought singers and performers across the sea to England. In several notable instances these singers had, in a short time, been bought up by rivals, and had turned upon their benefactor.

But Handel was not crushed by these things. He was philosopher enough to know that ingratitude is often the portion of the man who does well; and a fight with the fox you have warmed into life is ever imminent. Bankrupt at fifty-five, he makes terms with his creditors and in a few years pays off every shilling with interest, and celebrates the event by the production of "Saul," the "Dead March" from which will never die ~~it~~

The man had been gaining ground, making head, and at the same time educating the taste of the English people. But still they lagged behind, and when the oratorio of "Joshua" was performed, the master decided he would present his next and best piece outside of England. Jealousy, a dangerous weapon, has its use in the diplomatic world.

Handel set out for Dublin with a hundred musicians, there to present the "Messiah," written for and dedicated to the Irish people. The oratorio had been turned off in just twenty-one days, in one of those titanic bursts of power, of which this man was capable. Its production was a feat worthy of the Frohmans at their best. The performance was to be for charity—to

GEORG give freedom to those languishing in debtors' prisons
HANDEL at Dublin. What finer than that the "Messiah" should give deliverance?

The Irish heart was touched. A fierce scramble ensued for seats, precedence being emphasized in several cases with black-thorns deftly wielded. The price of seats was a guinea each. Handel's carriage was drawn through the streets by two hundred students. He was crowned with shamrock, and given the freedom of the city in a gold box. Freedom even then, in Ireland, was a word to conjure with. Long before the performance notices that no more tickets would be sold were posted. The doors of the Debtors' Prison were thrown open, and the prisoners given seats so they could hear the music—thus overdoing the matter in true Irish style ~~as~~

The performance was the supreme crowning event in the life of Handel up to that time.

Couriers were dispatched to London to convey the news of Handel's triumph to the newspapers; bulletins were posted at the clubs—the infection caught! ~~as~~ On the master's return a welcome was given him such as he had never before known—Dublin should not outdo London! When the "Messiah" was given in London, the scene of furore in Dublin was repeated. The tumult at times drowned the orchestra, and when the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung, the audience arose as one man and joined in the song of praise. And from that day the custom has continued: whenever in

England the "Messiah" is given, the audience arises **GEORG**
and sings in the "Chorus," as its privilege and right. **HANDEL**

The proceeds of the first performance of the "Messiah" in England were given to charity, as in Dublin. This act, with the splendor of the work, subdued the last lingering touch of obdurate criticism. The man was canonized by popular acclaim. Very many of his concerts were now for charity—"The Foundlings' Home," "The Seaman's Fund," "Home for the Aged," hospitals, and imprisoned debtors—all came in for their share.

Handel never married. That remark of Dean Swift's, "I admire Handel—principally because he conceals his petticoat peccadilloes with such perfection," does not go. Handel considered himself a priest of art, and his passion spent itself in his work.

The closing years of his life were a time of peace and honor. His barque, after a fitful voyage, had glided into safe and peaceful waters. The calamity of blindness did not much depress him—

"What matters it so long as I can hear?" he said. And good
is it to know that the capacity to listen &
enjoy, to think & feel, to sympathize
and love, were his, even to the
night of his passing Hence.



SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF GEORG HANDEL, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUB-
BARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, THE WHOLE DONE INTO
A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW
YORK, IN SEPTEMBER OF THE YEAR MCMI.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

Giuseppe Verdi

Vol. IX. OCTOBER 1901. No. 4

By ELBERT HUBBARD



Single Copies, 25 cents

By the Year, \$3.00

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

SERIES OF 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. WAGNER | 7. LISZT |
| 2. PAGANINI | 8. BEETHOVEN |
| 3. CHOPIN | 9. HANDEL |
| 4. MOZART | 10. VERDI |
| 5. BACH | 11. SCHUMANN |
| 6. MENDELSSOHN | 12. BRAHMS |

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The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique blackface; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece portrait from the original drawing made at our Shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

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LITTLE ~~~
JOURNEYS
To the Homes of
GREAT ~~~
MUSICIANS
V e r d i

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
into a Book by the
Roycrofters at their
Shop, which is in ~
East Aurora, New
York, A. D. 1901~~~

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

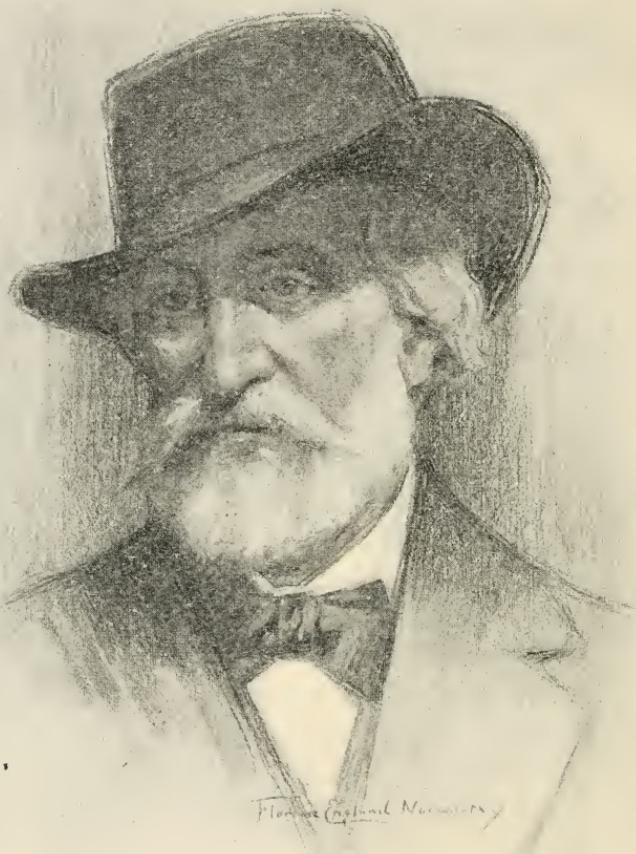
The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
“Non ti scordar di me”?

* * * * *

But O, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O, the music! and O, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
“Non ti scordar di me,
“Non ti scordar di me!”

BULWER-LYTTON.

GIUSEPPE VERDI



Florimond Coignet

Verdi



E sort of clung to the iron pickets, did GIUSEPPE the boy, and pressed his thin face through VERDI the fence, and listened. Someone was playing the piano in the big house, and the windows with their little diamond panes were flung open to catch the evening breeze. He listened.

His big grey eyes were open wide, the pupils dilated,—he was trying to see the music as well as hear it.

The boy's hair matched the yellow of his face, being one shade lighter, sun-bleached from going hatless. His clothes were as yellow as the yellow of his face, and shaded off into the dust that strewed the street. He was like a quail in a stubble field—you might have stepped over him and never seen him at all. He listened. Almost every evening someone played the piano in the big house. He had discovered the fact a week before. And now when the dusk was gathering, he would watch his chance and slide away from the hut where his parents lived, and run fast up the hill, and along the shelving roadway to the tall iron fence that marked the residence of Signior Baretti. He would creep along under the stone wall and crouching there, would wait

GIUSEPPE and listen for the music. Several evenings he had come
VERDI and waited, and waited, and waited,—and not a note or
a voice did he hear.

Once it had rained, and he didn't mind it much, for he expected every moment the music would strike up, you know,—and who cares for cold, or wet, or even hunger, if one can hear good music! The air grew chill and the boy's thread-bare jacket stuck to his bony form like a postage stamp to a letter. Little rivulets of water ran down his hair and streamed off his nose and cheeks.

¶ He waited—he was waiting for the music.

He might have waited until the water dissolved his insignificant cosmos into just plain yellow mud, and then he would have been simply distributed all along the gutter, down to the stream, and down the stream to the river, and down the river to the ocean; and no one would ever have heard of him again.

But Signior Baretti's coachman came along that night, keeping close to the fence under the trees to avoid the wet; and the coachman fell over the boy.

Now, when we fall over anything we always want to kick it,—no matter what it is, be it a cat, dog, stump, stick, stone, or human. The coachman being but clay (undissolved) turned and kicked the boy. Then he seized him by the collar, and accused him of being a thief. The lad acknowledged the indictment, and stammeringly tried to explain that it was only music he was trying to steal; and that it really made no difference because even if one did fill himself full of the

music, there was just as much left for other people, GIUSEPPE
since music was different from most things. VERDI

The thought was not very well expressed, although the idea was all right, but the coachman failed to grasp it. So he tingled the boy's bare legs with the whip he carried, by way of answer, duly cautioning him never to let it occur again, and released the prisoner on parole # #

But the boy forgot and came back the next night. He sat on the ground below the wall, intending to keep out of sight; but when the music began he stood up, and now, with face pressed between the pickets, he listened # #

The wind sighed softly through the orange trees ; the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers ; the low of cattle came from across the valley, and on the evening breeze from an open casement rose the strong, vibrant yet tender strains of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. The lad listened.

"Do you like music?" came a voice from behind. The boy awoke with a start, and tried to butt his head through the pickets to escape in that direction. He thought it was the coachman. He turned and saw the kindly face of Signior Baretti himself.

"Do I like music? Me! No, I mean yes, when it is like that!" he exclaimed, beginning his reply with a tremolo and finishing bravura.

"That is my daughter playing; come inside with me."

The hand of the great man reached out, and the

GIUSEPPE urchin clutched at it as if it were something he had
VERDI been looking and longing for.

They walked through the big gates where a stone lion kept guard on each side. The lions never moved. They walked up the steps and entering the parlor, saw a young woman seated at the piano.

"Grazia, dear, here is the little boy we saw the other day—you remember? I thought I would bring him in."

¶ The young woman came forward and touched the lad on his tawny head with one of her beautiful hands—the beautiful hands that had just been playing the Sonata ¶ ¶

"That's right, little boy, we have seen you outside there before, & if I had known you were there tonight, I would have gone out and brought you in; but Papa has done the service for me. Now, you must sit down right over there where I can see you, and I will play for you. But won't you tell us your name?"

¶ "Me?" replied the boy, "why, my name is Giuseppe Verdi—I am ten years old, going on 'leven—you see I like your playing because I play myself, a little!"





OR over a hundred years three-fourths of the population of Italy have been on reduced rations. Starvation even yet crouches just around the corner.

GIUSEPPE
VERDI

In his childhood young Verdi used to wear a bit of rope for a girdle, and when hunger gnawed importunately, he would simply pull his belt one knot tighter, and pray that the ravens would come and treat him as well as they did Elijah. His parents were so poor that the question of education never came to them; but desire has its way, so we find the boy at ten years of age running errands for a grocer with a musical attachment. This grocer, at Busseto, Jasquith by name, hung upon the fringe of art, and made the dire mistake of mixing business with his fad, for he sold his wares to sundry gentlemen who played in bands. This led the good man to moralize at times, and he would say to Giuseppe, who had been promoted from errand boy to clerk, "You can trust a first violin, and a cello usually pays, but never say yes to a trombone or an oboe; and as for a kettledrum, I wouldn't believe one on a stack of Bibles!"

Over the grocer's shop was a little parlor, and in it was a spinet that young Giuseppe had the use of four evenings a week. In his later years Verdi used to tell of this, and once he said that the idea of prohibition and limit should be put on every piano,—then the pupil

GIUSEPPE would make the best of his privileges ~~ff~~ In those days **VERDI** there was a tax on spinets, and I believe that this tax has never been rescinded, for you are taxed if you keep a piano, now, in any part of Italy. Several times the poor grocer's spinet stood in sore peril from the publicans and sinners, but the bailiffs were bought off by Signior Barezzi who came to the rescue.

The note of thrift was even then in Verdi's score, for he himself has told how he induced the Barezzi household to patronize the honest grocer with musical proclivities ~~ff~~ ~~ff~~

When he was twelve years old Verdi occasionally played the organ in the village church at Busseto. It will be seen from this that he had courage, and even then possessed a trace of that pride and self-will that was to be first his disadvantage and then his blessing.

~~ff~~ Signior Barezzi's attachment to the boy was very great, and we find the youngster was on friendly terms with the family, having free use of their piano, with valuable help and instruction from Signorina Grazia ~~ff~~ ~~ff~~

When he was seventeen he was easily the first musician in the place, and Busseto had nothing more to offer in way of advantages. He thirsted for a wider career, and cast longing looks out into the great outside world. He had played at Parma, only a few miles away, and the bishop there, after hearing him improvise on the organ, had paid him a doubtful compliment by saying, "Your playing is surely unlike any-

thing ever before heard at Parma." " Fair fortune GIUSEPPE smiled when Signior Baretti secured for young Verdi VERDI a free scholarship at the Conservatory of Milan.

The youth went gaily forth, attended by the blessings of the whole village, to claim his honors.

Arriving at the Conservatory, the directors put him through his paces, after the usual custom, to prove his fitness for the honor that had been thrust upon him. He played first upon the piano, and the committee advised together in whispered monotone. Then they asked him to play on the organ, and there was more consultation, with argument punctuated by rolling adjectives and many picturesque gesticulations.

" Then they asked him to play the piano again. He did so, and the great men retired to deliberate and vote on the issue "

Their decision was that the youth was self-willed, erratic, and that he had some absurd mannerisms and tricks of performance that forbade his ever making a musician. And, therefore, they ruled that his admission to the Conservatory was impossible.

Baretti, who was present with his protege, stormed in wrath, and declared that Verdi was the peer of any of his judges; in fact, was so much beyond them that they could not comprehend him.

This only confirmed the powers in the stand they had taken, and they intimated that a great musician in Busseto was something different in Milan—Signior Baretti had better take his young man home and be

GIUSEPPE content to astonish the villagers with noisy acrobatics **VERDI** There being nothing else to do, the advice was first flouted and then followed. They arrived home, and Grazia and the grocer were informed that the Conservatory at Milan was a delusion & a snare—"a place where pebbles were polished and diamonds dimmed." Shortly after, the townspeople, to show their faith in the home-product, had Verdi duly installed as organist of the village church at a salary equal to forty dollars a year.

Under the spell of this good fortune, Verdi proposed marriage to the daughter of Jasquith, the grocer, his friend and benefactor. Gratitude to the man who had first assisted him, had much to do with the alliance; and in wedding the daughter, Verdi simply complied with what he knew to be the one ardent desire of the father **ff ff**

The girl was a frail creature, of fine instincts, but her intellect had been starved just as her body had been. Her chief virtue seems to have been that she believed absolutely in the genius of Verdi.

The ambition of Verdi began to show itself. He wrote an opera, and offered it to Marelli, the impresario of La Scala at Milan. The impresario had heard of Verdi, through the fact that he had been black-balled by the Conservatory. This of itself would have been no passport to fame, but the Committee saw fit to defend themselves in the matter by making a public report of the considerations which had moved them to shut the doors

on the young man from Busseto. This gave the subject a weight and prominence that simple admission never would have given. GIUSEPPE VERDI

Marelli, the Major Pond of Milan, saw the expressions "bizarre," "erratic," "unprecedented," and "peculiar," and kept his eye on the young man. And so when the opera was written he pounced upon it, thinking possibly a new star had appeared on the musical horizon. The opera was accepted. Verdi, feverish with hope, moved his scanty effects to Milan, and there with his frail and beautiful girl-wife and their baby boy, lived in a garret just across from the theatre.

Preparations for the performance were going on apace. The night of November 17th, 1839, came, and the play was presented. The critics voted it a failure. Marelli, the manager, saw that it was not strong enough with which to storm the town, and so decided to abandon it. He liked the young composer, though, and admired his work: and inasmuch as he had brought him to Milan, he felt a sort of obligation to help him along. So Verdi was given an order for an opera bouffe. That's it! Opera bouffe!—the people want comedy—they must be amused. Even Verdi's serious work ran dangerously close to farce—bouffe is the thing!

Marelli's hope was infectious. Verdi began work on the new play that was to be presented in the spring. The winter rains began. There was no fire in the garret where the composer and his frail girl-wife lived. They were so proud that they did not let the folks at

GIUSEPPE Busseto know where they were: even Marelli did not
VERDI know their place of abode. Under an assumed name Verdi got occasional work as underling in one of the theatres, and also played the piano at a restaurant. The wages thus earned were a pittance, but he managed to take home soup-bones that the baby-boy sucked on as though they were nectar.

Another baby was born that winter. The mother was unattended, save by her husband—no other woman was near. Verdi managed to bring home scraps of food by stealth from the restaurant where he played, but it was not the kind that was needed. There was no money to buy goat's milk for the new-born babe, and the famishing mother, ever hopeful, assured the husband it wasn't necessary—that the babe was doing well. The child grew a-weary of this world before a month had passed, and slept to wake no more.

But the opera bouffe was taking shape. It was rehearsed and hummed by husband and wife together. They went over it all again and again, and struck out and added to. It was splendid work—subtle, excruciatingly funny, and possessed a dash and go that would sweep all carping criticism before it.

Food was still scarce, and there was no fuel even to cook things; but as there was nothing to cook, it really made no difference. Spring was coming,—it was cold, to be sure, but the buds were swelling on the trees in the park. Verdi had seen them with his own eyes, and he hastened home to tell his wife—Spring was coming!

The two-year-old boy didn't seem to thrive on soup- GIUSEPPE
bones. The father used to hold him in his arms at night VERDI
to warm the little form against his own body. He
awoke one morning to find the child cold and stiff. The
boy was dead ~~as~~ ~~as~~

The mother used to lie abed all day now. She wasn't
ill, she said,—just tired! She never looked so beauti-
ful to her husband. Two bright pink spots marked her
cheeks, and set off the alabaster of her complexion.
Her eyes glowed with such a light as Verdi had never
before seen ~~as~~ No, she was not ill, she protested this
again and again. She kept to her bed merely to be
warm; and then if one didn't move around much, less
food was required—don't you see?

Spring had come ~~as~~ The opera was being rehearsed.
The title of the play was "Un Giorno di Regno." Ma-
relli said he thought it would be a success; Verdi was
sure of it ~~as~~ ~~as~~

The night of presentation came ~~as~~ After the first act
Verdi ran across the street, leaped up the stairs, three
steps at a time, and reached the garret. The play was
a success. The worn woman there on her pallet, the
pale moonlight streaming in on her face, knew it would
be. She raised herself on her elbow and tried to call
"Viva Verdi!" But the cough cut her words short.
Verdi kissed her forehead, her hands, her hair, and
hurried back in time to see the curtain ascend on the
second act ~~as~~ This act went without either applause
or disapproval ~~as~~ Verdi ran home just to say that the

GIUSEPPE audience was a trifle critical, but the play was all right
VERDI —it was a success! He said he would remain at home now, he would not go to hear the third and last act. He would attend his wife until she got well and strong. The play was a success!

She prevailed upon him to leave her, and then come back at the finale and tell her all about it.

He went away ~~as~~ ~~as~~

When he returned he stumbled up the stairway and slowly entered the door.

The last act had not been completed—the audience had hissed the players from the stage!

Upon the ashen face of her husband, the stricken woman read all ~~as~~ She tried to smile ~~as~~ She reached out one thin hand on which loosely hung a marriage ring. The hand dropped before he could reach it. The eyes of the woman were closed, but upon the long black lashes glistened two big tears ~~as~~

The spirit was brave,
but the body had
given up the
struggle.





HE calamities that had come **GIUSEPPE** sweeping over Verdi well nigh **VERDI** broke his proud heart. He was only twenty-six, but he had had a taste of life and found it bitter, He lost interest in everything. All musical studies were abandoned, his little excursions into science went by default, and he was quite content to bang the piano in a concert saloon for enough to secure the bare necessities of life. Suicide seemed to present the best method of solving the problem, and the various ways of shuffling off this mortal coil were duly considered. Meanwhile he filled in the time reading trashy novels—anything to forget time and place, and lose self in poppy dreams of nothingness.

Two years of such blankness and blackness followed. He was sure that the desire to create, to be, to do, would never come again,—these were all of the past.

¶ One day on an idle stroll through the park he met Marelli. As they walked along together, Marelli took from his pocket a book, the story of "Nabucco," and handing it to Verdi, asked him to look it over, and see if he thought there was a chance to make an opera out of it.

¶ Verdi responded that he was not in the business of writing operas—he had quit all such follies. He took the volume, however, but neglected to look at it for several days. At last he read the pages. He laid the book down and began to pace the floor. Possibilities

GIUSEPPE of creation were looming large before him—a rush of **VERDI** thought was upon him. His soul was not dead—it had only been lying fallow.

He secured the loan of a piano and set to work. In a month the opera was completed. Marelli hesitated about accepting it—twice he had lost money on Verdi. He finally decided he would put the play on if Verdi would waive all royalties for the first three performances, if it were a success, and then sell the opera outright “at a reasonable price,” if Marelli should chance to want it. The “reasonable price” was assumed to be about a thousand francs—two hundred dollars—pretty good pay for a month’s work.

Verdi took no interest in the production of the piece. He had come to the conclusion that the public was a fickle, foolish thing, and no one could tell what it would applaud or hiss. Then he remembered the blackness of the night when only two years before his other opera was produced ~~it~~ ~~it~~

He made his way to his dingy little room and went to bed ~~it~~ ~~it~~

Very early the next morning there was a loud pounding on his door. It was Marelli. “How much for your opera?” asked the impresario, pushing his way into the room ~~it~~

“Thirty thousand francs,” came a voice, loud & clear, out of the bed-clothes.

“Don’t be a fool,” returned Marelli—“why do you ask such a sum!”

"Because you are here at five o'clock in the morning GIUSEPPE
—the price will be fifty thousand this afternoon." VERDI

Ten minutes of parley followed, and then

Marelli drew his check for twenty
thousand francs, and Verdi gave
his quit-claim, turned over,
and went to sleep.



GIUSEPPE VERDI



THE success of "Nabucco" was complete. Its author had his twenty thousand francs, but Marelli made more than that. From 1842 to 1851 may be called the first Verdi Period. A dozen successful operas were produced, and simultaneously at Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, Milan, and Genoa, Verdi's compositions were being presented.

The master was a business man, as well as an artist,—the combination is not so unusual as was long believed—and knew how to get the most for the mintage of his mind. Money fairly flowed his way.

In 1850 Verdi married again. His life now turns into what we may call the Second Verdi Period. After this we shall see no more such curious exhibitions of bad taste as a ballet of forty witches in "Macbeth," capering nimbly to a syncopated melody, with "Lady Macbeth" in a needlessly abbreviated skirt singing a drinking song to an absent lover. In strenuous efforts to avoid coarseness Verdi may occasionally give us soft sentimentality, but the change is for the best.

His mate was a woman of mind as well as heart. She was his intellectual companion, his friend, his wife. For nearly fifty years they lived together. Her dust now lies in the "House of Rest," at Milan, a home for aged artists, founded by Verdi. This "House of Rest" was a Love Offering, dedicated to the woman

who had given him, without stint, of the richness of GIUSEPPE her nature; who had bestowed rest, and peace, and VERDI hope and gentle love. She had no feverish ambitions and petty plans and schemes for secretly corralling pleasure, power, place, attention, or selfish admiration. By giving all, she won all. She devoted herself to this man in whom she had perfect faith, and he had perfect faith in her. She ministered to him. They grew great together. When each was over eighty years of age, Henry James met them at Cremona, at a musical festival in honor of the birthday of Stradivarius. And thus wrote Henry James: "Verdi and his wife were there, admired above all others. And why not? Think of whom they are, and what they stand for—nearly a century of music, and a century of life! The master is tall, straight, proud, commanding. He has a courtly old-time grace of bearing; and he kissed his wife's hand when he took leave of her for an hour's stroll. And the Madame surely is not old in spirit; she is as sprightly as our own Mrs. John Sherwood, who translated 'Carcasonne' so well that she improved on the original, because in her heart spring fresh and fragrant every day the flowers of tender, human, God-like sympathy."



GIUSEPPE
VERDI



IGOLETTA, produced at Venice in 1851 is founded on Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse;" and the music has all the dramatic fire that matches the Hugo plot. Verdi's devotion to Victor Hugo is seen again in the use of "Hernani" for operatic purposes. "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" followed "Rigoletta," and these three operas are usually put forward as the Verdi masterpieces. The composer himself regarded them with a favor that may well be pardoned, since he used to say that he and his wife collaborated in their production—she writing the music and he looking on. The proportion of truth and poetry in this statement is not on record. But the simple fact remains that "Il Trovatore" was always a favorite with Verdi, and even down to his death he would travel long distances to hear it played. A correspondent of the "Musical Courier," writing in 1887 from Paris, says: "Verdi and his wife occupied a box last evening at the Grand Opera House. The piece was 'Il Trovatore,' and many smiles were caused by the sight of the author and his spouse seemingly leading the claque as if they would split their gloves."

The flaming forth of creative genius that produced the "Rigoletta," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata," subsided into a placid calm. The serene happiness of Verdi's married life, the fortune that had come to him, and the

consciousness of having won in spite of great obstacles, led to the thought of quiet and well-earned rest. GIUSEPPE VERDI

The master interested himself in politics, and was elected to represent the district of Parma in the Italian Parliament. He proved himself a man of power—practical, self-centered and business-like, and as such served his country well.

The sentiment of the man is shown in his buying the property at Busseto, his old home, which was owned by Signior Baretti. He removed the high picket fence, replacing it with a low stone wall; remodeled the house, and turned the conservatory into a small theatre, where free concerts were often given with the help of the villagers. The adjoining grounds and splendid park were free to the public.

The master's attention to music was now limited to enjoying it. So passed the days.

Ten years of the life of a country gentleman went by, and the Shah of Persia, who had been on a visit to Italy and met Verdi, sent a command for an opera. The plot must be laid in the East, the characters Moorish and the whole to be dedicated to the immortal Son of the Sun,—the Shah.

It is a little doubtful whether the Shah knew that operas are produced only in certain moods, and cannot be done to order as a carpenter builds a fence. But it was the way that Eastern Royalty had of showing its high esteem.

Verdi smiled, and his wife smiled, and they had quite a

GIUSEPPE VERDI merry little time over the matter, calling in the neighbors and friends, and drinking to the health of a real live Shah who knew a great musical genius when he found one. But suddenly the matter began to take form in the master's mind. He set to work, and the result was that "Aida" was completed in a few weeks. The stories often told of the long preparation for composing this opera reveal the fine imagination of the men who write for the newspapers. Verdi seized upon knowledge as a devil-fish absorbs its prey—he learned in the mass ~~ff~~

"Aida" was produced at Cairo in 1871 with a magnificent setting, and the best cast procurable. A new Verdi opera was an event, and critics went from London, Paris, and other capitals to see the performance.

The first thing the knowing ones said was that Verdi was touched with Wagnerism, and that he had studied "Lohengrin" with painstaking care. If Verdi was influenced by Wagner, it was for good; but there was no servile imitation in it. The "Aida" is rich in melody, reveals a fine balance between singers and orchestra, and the "local color" is correct even to the chorus of Congo slaves that were introduced at the Cairo performance ~~ff~~

All agreed that the rest had done the master good, and the correspondents wrote, "We will look anxiously for his next." They thought the stream had started and there would be an overflow.

But they were mistaken. Sixteen years of quiet farm-

ing followed. Verdi was more interested in his flowers than his music, and told Philip Hale, who made a pious pilgrimage to Busseto in 1883, that he loved his horses more than all the *prima donnas* on earth.

GIUSEPPE
VERDI

But in 1887 the artistic and music-loving world was surprised and delighted with "Othello." This grand performance made amends for the mangling of Macbeth. Mr. James Huneker says: "The character-drawing in Othello is done with the burin of a master; the plot moves in processional splendor; the musical psychology is subtle and inevitable. At last the genius of Verdi has flowered. The work is consummate and complete" *ff ff*

"Falstaff" came next, written by a greybeard of eighty, as if just to prove that the heart does not grow old. It is the work of an octogenarian who loved life and had seen the world of show and sense from every side. Old men usually moralize and live in the past—not so here. The play flows with a laughing, joyous, rippling quality that disarmed the critics and they apologized for

what they said about Wagnerian motives. There were no sad, solemn, recurring themes in the full ripened fruit of Verdi's genius.

When he died, aged eighty-seven,
the curtain fell on the career of
a great and potent personal-
ity—the one unique sing-
er of the century.

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE
HOME OF GIUSEPPE VERDI, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT
HUBBARD, THE TITLE PAGE, INITIALS AND ORNA-
MENTS BEING DESIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, AND
THE WHOLE DONE INTO A BOOKLET BY THE ROY-
CROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURO-
RA, IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER IN THE YEAR MCMI

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

Robert Schumann

Vol. IX. NOVEMBER 1901. No. 5

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

SERIES OF 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. WAGNER | 7. LISZT |
| 2. PAGANINI | 8. BEETHOVEN |
| 3. CHOPIN | 9. HANDEL |
| 4. MOZART | 10. VERDI |
| 5. BACH | 11. SCHUMANN |
| 6. MENDELSSOHN | 12. BRAHMS |

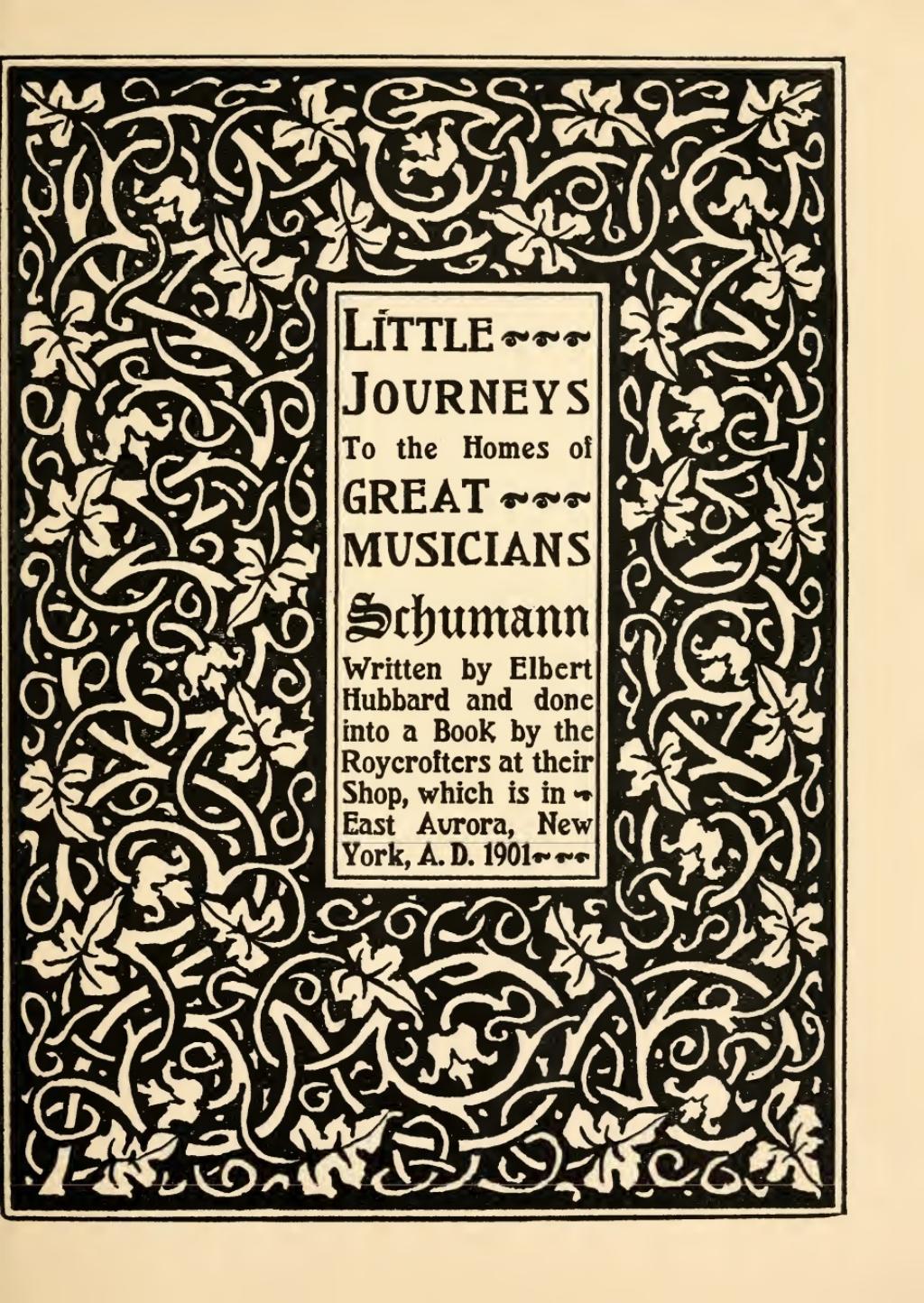
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The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique blackface; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece portrait from the original drawing made at our Shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

The price—25 cents each, or \$3.00 for the year.

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, N. Y.

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LITTLE ~~~
JOURNEYS
To the Homes of
GREAT ~~~
MUSICIANS

Schumann

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done into a Book by the Roycrofters at their Shop, which is in East Aurora, New York, A. D. 1901 ~~~

Beneath these flowers I dream, a silent chord. I cannot wake my
own strings to music ; but under the hands of those who comprehend
me, I become an eloquent friend. Wanderer, ere thou goest, try me!
The more trouble thou takest with me, the more lovely will be the
tones with which I shall reward thee.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

ROBERT SCHUMANN



Fleming England Nosworthy

Schumann



HAT any man should ever write his ROBERT thoughts for other men to read, seems the SCHUMANN very height of egoism. Literature never dies, so the person who writes constitutes himself a rival of Shakespeare and seeks to lure us from Milton, Montaigne, Emerson and Carlyle. To write nothing better than grammatical English, to punctuate properly, and repeat thoughts in orderly procession that have been repeated a thousand times, is to do something icily regular, splendidly null.

To down the demons of syntax and epithet is not enough. To compose blameless sonatas and produce symphonies in the accepted style, is not adding an iota to the world's worth.

The individual who tries to compose either ideas or harmonious sounds, and hopes for success, must compose because he cannot help it. He must place the thing in a way it has never before been placed; on the subject he must throw a new light; he must carry the standard forward, and plant it one degree nearer the uncaptured citadel of the Ideal. And he must remember this: the very prominence of his position will cause him to be the target of contumely, abuse and

ROBERT SCHUMANN much stupid misunderstanding. If he complains of these things (as he probably will), he reveals a rift in the lute and proves that he is only a half-god, after all.

Men of the highest type of culture—those of masterly talent—are not gregarious in their nature. The “jiner” instinct goes with a man who is a little doubtful, and so he attaches himself to this society, club or church. The very tendency to “jine” is an admission of weakness—it is a getting under cover, a combining against the supposed enemy. The “jiner” is an amœba that clings to flotsam, instead of floating free in the great ocean of life. The lion loves his mate, but prefers to flock by himself.

The pioneer in art, as in any other field, must be willing to face loneliness and heart hunger. He must find companionship with birds and animals, and be brother

to the trees and swift-flying clouds. When
men meet on the desert or in the forest
wilds, how grateful and how gracious is
their hand-grasp! When love and
understanding come to those
who live on the borderland
of two worlds, how
precious and price-
less the boon!





OBERT Schumann was the son of ROBERT a book publisher of Zwickau. He SCHUMANN was a handsome lad with the flash of genius in his luminous eyes, and an independence like that of an Alpine goat. When very young they say he used to have tantrums.

¶ If your child has a tantrum, it is a bad policy for you to imitate him and have one, too.

A tantrum is only one of the little whirlwinds of God—it is misdirected energy, power not yet controlled. When Robert had a tantrum, his father would shake him violently to improve his temper, or fall upon him with a strap that hung handy behind the kitchen door. Then the mother, when the father was out of the way, would take the lad and cry over him, and coddle him, and undo the discipline.

The best treatment for tantrums is—nothing. The more you let an impressionable, nervous child alone, the better ¶ ¶

When the lad was fourteen years old, we find him setting type in his father's printery. He was working upon a book called "The World's Celebrities," and his share of the work dealt with Jean Paul Richter.

He grew interested in the copy and stopped setting type and read ahead, as printers sometimes will. The more he read, the more he was fascinated. He fell under the spell of Jean Paul the Only.

ROBERT SCHUMANN Jean Paul, inspired by Jean Jacques, was the inspirer of the whole brood of young writers of his time. To him they looked as to a Deliverer.

Jean Paul the Only! The largest, gentlest, most generous heart in all literature! The peculiar mark of Richter's style is analogy and comparison; every thing he saw reminded him of something else, and then he tells you of things that both remind him of. He leads and lures you on, and takes you far from home, but always brings you safely back. Yet comparison proves us false when we deal with Richter himself. He stands alone, like Adam's recollection of his fall, which according to Jean Paul was the one sweet, unforgettable thing in all the life of the First Citizen of his time.

Jean Paul seems to have combined in that mighty brain all feminine as well as masculine attributes. The soul in which the feminine does not mingle is ripe for wrong, strife and unreason. "It was mother-love, carried one step farther, that enabled the Savior to embrace a world," says Carlyle.

The sweep of tender emotion that murmurs and rustles through the writing of Jean Paul, is like the echo of a lullaby heard in a dream. Perhaps it came from that long partnership when mother and son held the siege against poverty, and the kitchen table served them as a writing desk, and the patient old mother was his sole reviewer, critic, reader and public.

For shams, hypocrisy and pretence Jean Paul had a cyclone of sarcasm, and the blows he struck were such

as only a son of Anak could give; but in his heart there ROBERT was no hate. He could despise a man's bad habits and SCHUMANN still love the man behind the veneer of folly. So his arms seem ever extended, welcoming the wanderer home *ff ff*

Dear Jean Paul, big and homely, what an insight you had into the heart of things, and what a flying machine your imagination was! Room for many passengers? Yes, and children especially, for these you loved most of all, because you were ever only just a big overgrown boy yourself. You cried your eyes out before your hair grew white, and then a child or a woman led you about; and thus did you supply Victor Hugo a saying that cannot die: "To be blind and to be loved —what happier fate!"

Yes, Jean Paul used to cry at his work when he wrote well, and I do too. I always know when I write particularly well, for at such times I mop furiously. However, I seldom mop.

Young Robert Schumann began to write little essays, and the essays were as near like Jean Paul's as he could make them. He read them to his mother, just as Jean Paul used to write for his mother and call her "my Gentle Reader"—he had but one.

Robert's mother believed in her boy—what mother does not? But her love was not tempered by reason, and in it there was a sentimental flavor akin to the maudlin *ff ff*

The father wanted the lad to take up his own business,

ROBERT as German fathers do, but the mother filled the lad's SCHUMANN head with the thought that he was fit for something higher and better. She was not willing to let the seed ripen in Nature's way—she thought hot-house methods were an improvement.

Such a mother's ambition centers in her son. She wants him to do the thing she has never been able to do. She thirsts for honors, applause, publicity, and all those things that bring trouble and distress and make men old before their time.

So we find the boy at eighteen packed off to Heidelberg to study law, with no special preparation in knowledge of the world, of men or books. But old father antic, the law, was not to his taste. Robert liked music and poetry better. His fine, sensitive, emotional spirit found its best exercise in music; and at the house of Professor Carus he used to sing with the Professor's wife. This Professor Carus, by the way, I believe is directly related to our own Dr. Paul Carus, of whom all thinking people in America have reason to be proud. *If* I am told that when a boy of eighteen or nineteen mingles his voice several evenings a week with that of a married lady aged, say, thirty-five, and they also play "four hands" an hour or so a day, that the boy is apt to surprise the married lady by falling very much in love with her. Boys are quite given to this thing, anyway, of falling in love with women old enough to be their mothers—I don't know why it is. Sometimes I am rather inclined to commend the scheme, since it

often brings good results. The fact that the woman's ROBERT emotions are well tempered with a sort of maternal SCHUMANN regard for her charge, holds folly in check, dispels that tired feeling, promotes digestion and stimulates the action of the ganglionic cells.

It was surely so in this instance, for Madame Carus taught the youth how to compose, and fired his mind to excel as a pianist. He wrote and dedicated small songs to her, and their relationship added cubits to the boy's stature ~~ff~~ ~~ff~~

From a boy he became a man at a bound. Just as one single April day, with its showers and sunshine, will transform the seemingly lifeless twigs into leafy branches, so did this young man's intellect ripen in the sunshine of love.

As for Professor Carus, he was too busy with his theorems and biological experiments to trouble himself about so trivial a matter as a youngster falling in love with his accomplished wife—and this is where the Professor showed his good sense.

Jean Paul Richter lighted his torch at the flame of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In a letter to Agnes Carus, Schumann acknowledges his obligation to Richter, in a style that is truly Richteresque. Says Robert:

Dear Lady:—I read from Jean Paul last night until I fell asleep and then I dreamed of you. It was at the torch of Jean Paul that I lighted my tallow dip, and now he is dead and these eyes shall never look into his, nor will his voice fall upon my ears. I cry salt tears to think that Jean Paul never knew you. If I

ROBERT SCHUMANN could only have brought you two together and then looked upon you, realizing, as I would, that you had both come from High Olympus! Blissful are the days since I knew you, for you have brought within my range of vision new constellations, and into my soul has come the clear, white light of peace and truth. With you I am purified, freed from sin, and harmony fills my tired heart. Without you—why, really I have never dared think about it, for fear that reason would topple, and my mind forget its 'customed way—let's talk of music * * *

Professor Carus kept his ear close to the ground for a higher call, and when the call came from Leipsic, he moved there with his family.

It was not many weeks before Robert was writing home, explaining that lawyers were men who get good people into trouble, and bad folks out; and as for himself he had decided to cut the business and fling himself into the arms of the Muse.

This letter brought his mother down upon him with tears and pleadings that he would not fail to redeem the Schumanns by becoming a Great Man. Poetry was foolishness and all musicians were poor—there were a hundred of them in Zwickau who lived on rye bread and wienerwurst *ff ff*

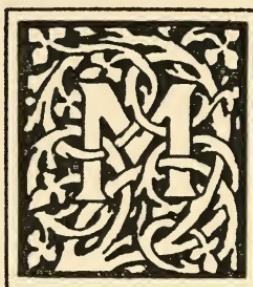
The boy promised and the mother went home pacified. *ff* But not many weeks had passed before Robert set out on a pilgrimage to Bayreuth, to visit the scene of Jean Paul's romances. On this same tour he went to Munich and there met Heinrich Heine who was from that day to enter into his heart and jostle Jean Paul for first place.

He was accompanied on this memorable trip by ROBERT Gisbert Rosen, who proved his life-long friend and confidant. Very naturally Leipsic was the ardently desired goal of his wanderings. At once on arriving there, he sought out the home of Professor and Madame Carus. That his greeting (and mayhap hers) did not contain all the warmth the boy lover had anticipated is shown in a letter to Rosen, wherein he says, "This world is only a huge grave-yard of buried dreams, a garden of cypress and weeping willows, a silent peep-show with tearful puppets. Alas for our high faith—I wonder if Jean Paul was n't right when he said that love lessens woman's delicacy, and time and distance dissipate it like morning dew?"

Yet Madame Carus was kind, for Robert played at little informal concerts at her house, and she encouraged him to abandon the law for music; and he refers the matter to Rosen, asking Rosen's advice and explaining how he wants to be advised, just as we usually do. Rosen tells him that no man can succeed at an undertaking unless his heart is in the work, and so he shifts the responsibility of deciding on Professor Carus, whom Robert "respects," but does not exactly admire enough to follow his advice.

Robert does not consider the Professor a practical man, and so leaves the matter to his wife. In the meantime songs are written, similar to Heine's, and essays turned off, pinned with the precise synonym, the phrase exquisite, just like Jean Paul's. Progress in piano playing

ROBERT goes steadily forward, with practice on the violin, all **SCHUMANN** under the tutelage of Madame Carus, who one fine day takes the young man to play for Frederick Wieck, the best music teacher in all Leipsic.



USICIANS?" said Frederick Wieck, "I raise them!"

And so he did. He proved the value of his theories by making great performers of his daughters, Maria & Clara—two sisters more gifted in a musical way have never been born. Germany excels in philosophy and music—a seeming

paradox. Music is supposed to be a compound of the stuff that dreams are made of—hazy, misty, dim, intangible feelings set to sounds—we close our eyes and they take us captive and carry us away on the wings of melody. And so it may be true that music is born of moonshine, and fragrant memories, and hopes too great for earth, and loves unrealized; yet its expression is the most exacting of sciences.

A Great Musician has not only to be a poet and a dreamer, but he must also be a mathematician, cold as chilled steel, and a philosopher who can follow a reason to its lair and grapple it to the death. And that is why Great Musicians are so rare, and that is also why, perhaps, there are no great women composers. "Women of genius are men," said the De Goncourts. A Great Musician is a paradox, a miracle, a multiple-

sided man—stern, firm, selfish, proud and unyielding; ROBERT yet sensuous as the ether, tender as a woman, innocent as a child, and as plastic as potter's clay. And with most of them, let us frankly admit it, the hand of the Potter shook. When people write about musicians, they seldom write moderately. The man is either a selfish rogue, or an angel of light—it all depends upon your point of view. And the curious part is, both sides are right.

Wieck was very fond of his daughters, and, like good housewives who are proud of their biscuit, he apologized for them. "He never quite forgave our mother because we were girls," said Clara, once, to Kalkbrenner. Wieck, the good man, was a philosopher, and he had a notion that the blood of woman is thinner than that of man—that it contains more white serum and fewer red corpuscles, and that Nature has designed the body of a woman to nourish her offspring, but that man's energy goes to feed his brain. Yet his girls were so much beyond average mortals that they would set men a pace in spite of the handicap.

Fortunate it is for me that I do not have to act as the court of last appeal on this genius business. The man who decides against woman will forfeit his popularity, have his reputation ripped into carpet rags, and his good name worked up into crazy quilts by a thousand Woman's Clubs.

But certain it is that women are the inspirers of music. As critics they are more judicial and more appreciative. Without women there would be no Symphony Con-

ROBERT certs, any more than there would be churches. Women SCHUMANN take men to the Grand Opera and to Musical Festivals —and I am glad.



LARA Wieck was only ten years old, with dresses that came to her knees, when Robert Schumann first began to take lessons of her father. She was tall for her age, and had a habit of brushing her hair from her eyes as she played, that impressed the young man as very funny. She could not remem-

ber a time when she did not play; and she showed such ease and abandon that her father used to call her in and have her illustrate his ideas on the keyboard. ~~if~~ Robert did n't like the child—she was needlessly talented. She could do, just as a matter of course, the things that he could scarcely accomplish with great effort. He did n't like her.

Already Clara had played in various concerts, and was a favorite with the local public. Soon her father planned little tours, when he gave performances assisted by his two daughters who could play both violin and piano. Their fame grew and fortune smiled.

Wieck took a larger house and raised his prices for pupils ~~if if if~~

Robert Schumann wandered over to Zwickau to visit his folks, then went on down the Rhine to Heidelberg to see Rosen. It was nearly a year before he got back

to Leipsic, resolved to continue his music studies. ROBERT Wieck had a front room vacant, and so the young man SCHUMANN took lodgings with his teacher.

It was not so very long before Clara was wearing her dresses a little longer. She now dressed her hair in two braids instead of one, and these braids were tied with ribbons instead of a shoe string. More concerts were being arranged, and the attendance was larger—people were saying that Clara Wieck was an Infant Phenomenon ~~ff ff~~

Robert was progressing, but not so rapidly as he wished. To aid matters a bit, he invented a brace and extension to his middle finger. It gave him a farther reach and a stronger stroke, he thought. In secret he practised for hours with this “corset” on his finger; he did n’t know that a corset means weakness, not strength. After three straight hours of practice one day, he took the machine from his hand and was astonished to see the finger curl up like a pretzel. He hurried to a physician and was told that the member was paralyzed. Various forms of treatment were tried, but the tendons were injured and at last the doctors told him his brain could never again telegraph to that hand so it would perfectly obey orders. He begged that they would cut the finger off, but this they refused to do, claiming that even though the finger were in the way, piano-playing in any event was not the chief end of man—he might try a pick and shovel.

Clara, who now wore her dress to her shoe-tops, sym-

ROBERT pathized with the young man in his distress. She said,
SCHUMANN "Never mind, I will play for you—you write the music
and I will play it!"

Gradually he became resigned to this, and spent much
of his time composing music for Heine's songs and his
own. Wieck did n't much like these songs, and forbade
his daughter playing such trashy things—only a para-
phrase of Schubert's work, anyway, goodness me!

The girl pouted and rebelled, and ere long Robert Schu-
mann was asked to take lodgings elsewhere. Moodily
he obeyed, but he managed to keep up a secret corres-
pondence with Clara, through the help of her sister.
Whenever Clara played in public, Robert was sure to
be there, even though the distance were a hundred
miles. He had given up playing, and now swung be-
tween composing and literature, having assumed the
editorship of a musical magazine.

When Clara now played in concert, she wore a train,
and her hair was done up on the top of her head.

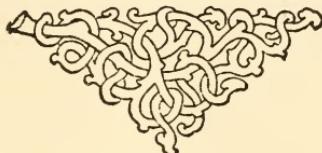
Schumann's musical magazine was winning its way—
the man had a literary style. Mendelssohn commended
the magazine and its editor commended Mendelssohn.
A new star had been discovered on the horizon—a
Pole, Chopin by name. And whenever Clara Wieck
appeared, there were extended notices, lavish in praise,
profuse in prophecy.

Herz had written an article for a rival journal about
Clara Wieck, wherein the statement was made that
no woman trained on—her playing was intuitive, and

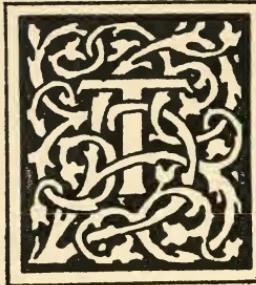
the limit quickly reached—marriage was death to a ROBERT
woman's art, etc & &

SCHUMANN

To this Schumann replied with needless heat, and his friends began to joke him about his "disinterestedness." He was getting moody, and there were times when he was silent for days. His passion for Clara Wieck was consuming his life. He resolved to go direct to Frederick Wieck and have it out.



ROBERT
SCHUMANN



HE Schumanns" they are always called—Robert and Clara. You cannot separate them any more than you can separate Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. "Whomsoever God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," seems rather a needless injunction, since we know that man's efforts

in the line of separation have ever but one result: opposition fans the flame.

Just as Elizabeth Barrett's father forcibly opposed the mating of his daughter, so did Frederick Wieck oppose the love of his daughter Clara for Robert Schumann. And surely one cannot blame the man so very much—he knew the young man and he knew the girl; and, deducting fifty per cent for paternal pride, he saw that the girl was much the stronger character of the two.

Clara had already a recognized reputation as a performer; her playing had made her father rich, and he was sure that greater things were to come. Beside that she was only seventeen years old—a mere child.

Robert was twenty-six, with most of his future before him—he was advised to win a name and place for himself before aspiring to the hand of a great artist; and so he was bowed out.

He took the matter into the courts, and the decision was that as she was now eighteen years old, she had the right to wed, if she were so minded.

And so they were married; but Frederick Wieck was not present at the ceremony to give the bride away.

ROBERT
SCHUMANN



CHUMANN was essentially feminine in many ways, as the best men always are. In spite of his mental independence, he did his best work when shielded in the shadow of a stronger personality. Without Clara, Robert would probably be unknown to us. She gave him the courage and the confidence that he lacked; and she it was who interpreted his work to the world.

Heine characterized Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" as "like a Gothic cathedral whose heaven-soaring spire and colossal cupolas seem to have been planted there by the sure hand of a giant; whereas the innumerable features, the rosettes and arabesques that are spread over it everywhere like a lacework of stone, witness to the indefatigable patience of a dwarf."

Very different is the work of Schumann, who like his master Schubert, knew little of the architectonics of the Art Divine. But Schubert seems to have been the first to give us the "lyric cry"—the prayer of a heart bowed down, or the ecstasy of a soul enrapt.

Schumann built on Schubert. Music was to Schumann the expression of an emotion. He saw in pictures, and then he told in tones, what his inward eye beheld. He even went so far as to give the names of persons, their

ROBERT SCHUMANN peculiarities and experiences on the key-board. It is needless to say that the tension of mind in such experiments is apt to reach the breaking strain. We are under bonds for the moderate use of every faculty, and he who misuses any of God's gifts may not hope to go unscathed ~~if~~ ~~if~~

The exquisite quality of Schumann's imagination served to make him shun the society of vulgar people. The inability to grasp things intuitively harassed him, and he acquired a habit of keeping silence, excepting with the elect. He lived within himself, unless Clara were by, and then he leaned on her.

And what a strong, brave and beautiful soul she was! In a sense she sacrificed her own career for the man she loved. And by giving all, she won all.

Most descriptions of women begin by telling how the individual looked and what she wore. No pen portraits of Clara Schumann have come down to us, for the reason that she was too great, too elusive in spirit, for any snap-shot artist to attempt her. She never looked twice the same. In feature she was commonplace, her form lacked the classic touch, and her raiment was as plain as the plumage of a brown thrush in an autumn hedgerow. She was as homely as George Eliot, Mary Shelley, Elizabeth Barrett, George Sand, or Madame De Stael. No two of the women named looked alike, but I once saw a composite photograph of their portraits and the picture sent no thrills along my keel. Their splendor was a matter of spirit. Have you ever

seen the Duse?—there is but one. In repose this woman's face is absolute nullity. She starts with a blank —you would never take a second glance at her at a pink tea. Her dress is bargain-day, her form so-so, her features clay ~~as~~ ~~as~~

ROBERT

SCHUMANN

But mayhap she will lift her hand and resting her chin upon it, will look at you out of half-closed eyes that never are twice alike. If you are speaking you will suddenly become aware that she is listening, and then you will become uncomfortable and try to stop, but can't; for you will realize that you have been talking at random, and you want to redeem yourself.

The presence of this plain woman is a challenge—she knows! Yet she never contradicts, and when she wills it, she will lead you out of the maze and make you at peace with yourself; for our quarrel with the world is only a quarrel with self. When we are at peace with self, we are at peace with God.

The Duse is a surprise, in that her homeliness of face masks an intellect that is a revelation. Her body is an exasperation to the tribe of Worth, but it houses a soul that has lived every life, died every death, known every sorrow, has tasted every joy, and been one with the outcast, the despised, the forsaken; and has stood, too, clothed in shining raiment by the side of the great, the noble, the powerful. Knowing all, she forgives all. And across the face and out of the eyes, and even from her silence come messages of sympathy—messages of strength, messages of a faith that is dauntless. Great

ROBERT SCHUMANN people are simply those who have sympathy plus ~~more~~ Clara Schumann knew the excellence of her chosen mate, and through her sympathy, made it possible for him to express himself at his highest and best. She also guessed his limitations and sought to hold him 'gainst the calamity she saw looming on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand.

When he was moody and there came times of melancholy, she invited young people to the house; and so Robert mingled his life with theirs, and in their aspirations he shook off the demons of doubt.

It was in this way that he became interested in various rising stars, and although in some instances we are aware that his prophecies went astray, yet we know that he hailed Chopin and Brahms long before they had come within the ken of the musical world, that so often looks through the large end of the telescope ~~more~~. And this kindly encouragement, this fostering welcome that the Schumanns gave to all aspiring young artists, is not the least of their virtues. We love them because they were kind.





LARA Schumann was wise beyond ROBERT the lot of women. She knew this SCHUMANN fact which very few mortals ever realize: Yesterday's triumphs belong to yesterday, with all of yesterday's defeats and sorrows—the day is Here, the time is Now. So she did not drag her troubles behind her with a rope, nor wax vain over achievements done. When the light of her husband's intellect went out in darkness and he lived for a space a lingering death, she faced the dawn each morning, resolved to do her work and do it the best she could *ff ff*

When death came to Robert's relief, her one ambition, like that of Mary Shelley, was to write her husband's name indelibly on history's page.

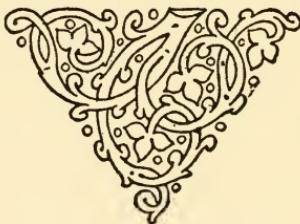
The professedly and professionally cheerful person is very depressing. The pessimist always has wit, for wit reveals itself in the knowledge of values. And the individual who accepts what Fate sends, and undoes Calamity by drinking all of it, is sure to have a place in our calendar of saints *ff ff*

Clara Schumann, a widow at thirty-seven, with a goodly brood of babies, and no income to speak of, lived one day at a time, did her work as well as she could, and always had a little time and energy over to use for others less fortunate.

Such fortitude is sure to bear fruit, and friends flocked

ROBERT to her as never before. The way to secure friends is
SCHUMANN to be one ~~of~~ ~~of~~

Madame Schumann made concert tours throughout the Continent and England, meeting on absolute equality the music-loving people, as well as the Kings of Art. She played her husband's pieces with such a wealth of expression that folks wondered why they had never heard of them before ~~of~~ And so today, wherever hearts are sad, or glad, and songs are sung, and strings vibrate, and keys respond to love's caress, there is in hearts that know and feel, a shrine; and on this shrine in letters of gold two words are carved, and they are these:
THE SCHUMANN S.



J. J. H. 70

SO HERE ENDETH THE LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME
OF ROBERT SCHUMANN, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUB-
BARD: THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS BEING DE-
SIGNED BY SAMUEL WARNER, THE WHOLE DONE INTO
A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR
SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW
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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

Johannes Brahms

Vol. IX. DECEMBER 1901. No. 6

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of GREAT MUSICIANS

SERIES OF 1901

The subjects will be in the following order:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. WAGNER | 7. LISZT |
| 2. PAGANINI | 8. BEETHOVEN |
| 3. CHOPIN | 9. HANDEL |
| 4. MOZART | 10. VERDI |
| 5. BACH | 11. SCHUMANN |
| 6. MENDELSSOHN | 12. BRAHMS |

One booklet a month will be issued as usual, beginning January 1st.

The LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1901 will be strictly de luxe in form and workmanship. The type will be a new set of antique blackface; the initials designed especially for this work; a frontispiece portrait from the original drawing made at our Shop in each on Japan Vellum. The booklets stitched by hand with silk.

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East Aurora, N. Y.

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LITTLE ~~~
JOURNEYS
To the Homes of
GREAT ~~~
MUSICIANS

Brahms

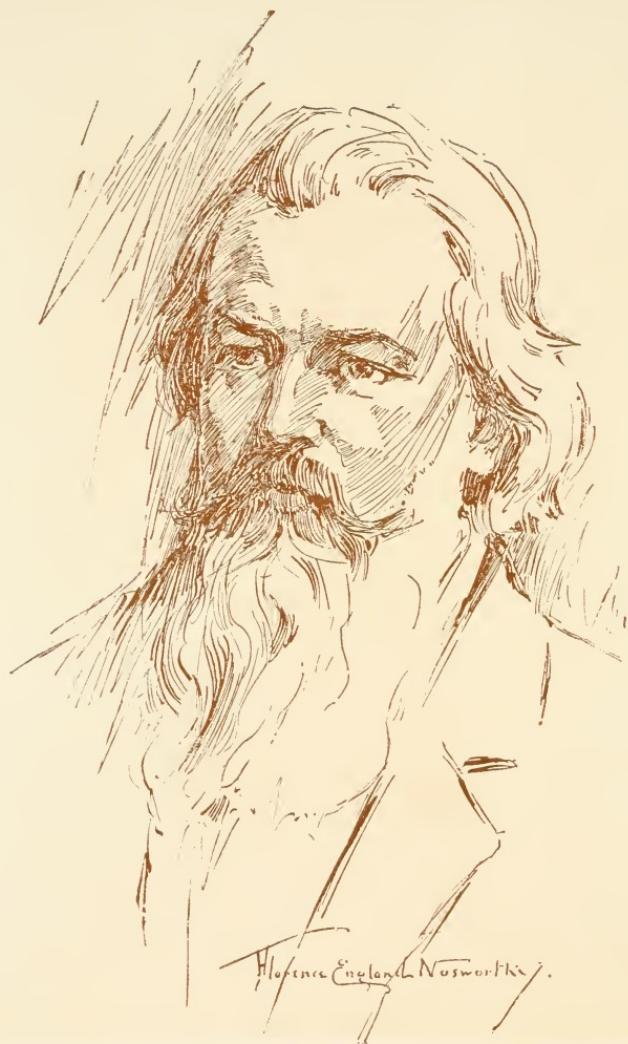
Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
into a Book by the Roycrofters at their
Shop, which is in
East Aurora, New
York, A. D. 1901 ~~~

What is music? This question occupied my mind for hours last night before I fell asleep. The very existence of music is wonderful, I might even say miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator, it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time: it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.

HEINE.

JOHANNES BRAHMS





Brahms



MERSON has said that, next to the man JOHANNES who first voices a great truth, is the one BRAHMS who quotes it.

Truth is in the air ; it belongs to all who can appreciate it ; and the difference between the man who gives a truth expression and the listener who at once comprehends & repeats it, is very slight. If you understand what I say, it is because you have thought the same thoughts yourself—I merely express for you that which you already know. And so you approve and applaud, not stopping to think that you are applauding your own thought ; and your heart beats fast and you say, “Yes, yes, why did n’t I say that myself !”

All conversation is a sort of communion—an echoing back and forth of thoughts, feelings and emotions. We clarify our thoughts by expressing them—no idea is quite your own until you tell it to another.

Music is simply one form of expression. Its province is to impart a sublime emotion. To give himself is the controlling impulse in the heart of every artist—to impart to others the joy he feels ; this is the dominant motive in his life.

JOHANNES Hence the poet writes, the artist paints, the sculptor
BRAHMS models, the singer sings, the musician plays—all is expression—a giving voice to the Silence. But it is all done for others. And in ministering to others the artist ministers to himself. In helping others we help ourselves. We grow strong through exercise, and only the faculties that are exercised—that is to say, expressed—become strong. Those not in use atrophy and fall victims to arrested development.

Man is the instrument of Deity—through man does Deity create. And the artist is one who expresses for others their best thoughts and feelings. He may arouse in men emotions that were dormant, and so were unguessed; but under the spell of the artist-spirit, these dormant faculties are awakened from lethargy—they are exercised, and once the thrill of life is felt through them, they will probably be exercised again and again.

All art is a collaboration between the performer and the partaker—music is especially a collaboration. It is a oneness of feeling: action and reaction, an intermittent current of emotion that plays backward and forward between the player and his audience. The player is the positive pole, or masculine principle; and the audience the negative pole, or feminine principle.

In great oratory the same transposition takes place. Almost everyone can recall occasions when there was an absolute fusion of thought, feeling and emotion between the speaker & audience—when one mind dominated all, and every heart beat in unison with his.

The great musician is the one who feels intensely, and JOHANNES is able to express vividly, and thus impart his emotion BRAHMS to others ~~if~~

Robert Schumann was such a man. In his youth when he played at parlor gatherings, he could fuse the listeners into an absolute oneness of spirit. You cannot make others feel unless you yourself feel; you cannot make others see unless you yourself see ~~if~~ Robert Schumann saw. He beheld the moving pictures, and as they passed before him he expressed what he saw in harmonious sounds. His admirers say he gave "portraits" on the piano, & by sounds would describe certain persons so others who knew these persons would recognize them and call their names.

Sterndale Bennett has told of Schumann's playing Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," and accompanying it with little verbal explanations of what he saw, thus: "There," said the player as he struck the opening chords, "there, he bows, and so does she—he speaks—she speaks, and oh! what a voice—how liquid! listen—hear the rustle of her gown—he speaks, a little deeper, you notice—you cannot hear the words, only their voices blending in with the music—now they speak together—they are lovers, surely—see, they understand—oh! the waltz—see them take those first steps—they are swaying into time—away!—there, there they go—look!—you cannot hear their voices now—only see them!"

Schumann studied law, and had he followed that pro-

JOHANNES fession he would have made a master before a jury.

BRAHMS He saw so clearly, and felt so deeply, and was so full of generosity and bubbling good will, that he was irresistible. As we know, he proved so to Clara Wieck, who left father and mother and home to cleave to this unknown composer.

This splendid young woman was nine years younger than Robert, but she had already made a name and fortune for herself before they were married.

¶ In passing it is well enough to call attention to the fact that this is one of the great loves of history. It ranks with the mating of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. How strange that such things are so exceptional that the world takes note of them!

Yet for quite a number of years after their marriage, Madame Schumann was occasionally asked this question: "Is your husband musical?"

But Robert Schumann, like Robert Browning, was too big a man to be jealous of his wife. Jealousy is an acknowledgment of weakness and insecurity. "Robert and Clara," their many dear friends always called them. They worked together—composed, sang, played, and grew great together. And as if to refute the carp-ing critics who cry that domesticity and genius are incompatible, Clara Schumann became the happy mother of eight children, and not a year passed but she appeared upon the concert stage, while a nurse held the baby in the wings. Schumann was very proud of his wife. ¶ He was grateful to her for

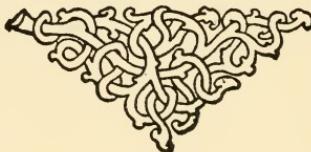
interpreting his songs in a way he could not. His lavish **JOHANNES**
heart went out to every one who expressed the hap- **BRAHMS**
piness and harmony which he felt singing in his soul.

¶ And so he welcomed all players and all singers, and all who felt the influence of an upward gravitation. Especially was he the friend of the young and the unknown. His home at Dusseldorf was a Mecca for the aspiring—worthy and unworthy—and to these he gave his time, money and influence. “Genius must have recognition—we will discover and bring forth these beautiful souls; we will liberate and give them to the world,” he used to say. Not only did he himself express great things, but he quoted others.

Among those who had reverenced the Schumanns from afar, came a young man of twenty, small and fair-haired, from Hamburg. He was received at the regular “Thursday Night” with various other strangers. ¶ These meetings were quite informal, and everybody was asked to play or sing. On being invited to play, our young man declined. But on a second visit he sat down at the piano and played. It was several minutes before the company ceased the little buzz of conversation and listened—the fledgelings were never taken seriously except by the host and hostess. The youth leaned over the key-board, and seemed to gather confidence from the sympathetic attitude of the listeners, and especially from Clara Schumann, who had come forward and stood at his elbow.

He played from Schumann’s “Carnival,” and as he

JOHANNES played, freedom came to him. He surprised himself.
BRAHMS When he had ceased Robert kissed his cheek, and the company were vehement in their applause. The next day Schumann met Albert Dietrich, another disciple who had come from a distance to bask in the Schumann sunshine, and said with an air of mystery, "One has come of whom we shall yet hear great things. His name is Johannes Brahms."





E have at least four separate accounts of Brahms' appearance and behavior when he first arrived at Dusseldorf. These descriptions are by Robert and Clara Schumann, Dr. Dieters and Albert Dietrich. All agree that Johannes Brahms was a most fascinating personality. Dieters and Dietrich were about

JOHANNES
BRAHMS

the age of Brahms, and were lesser satellites swinging just outside the Schumann orbit. Very naturally when a new devotee appeared, they gazed at him askance. Many visitors were coming and going, and from most of them there was nothing to fear, but when this short, deep-chested boy with flaxen hair appeared, Dietrich felt there was danger of losing his place at the right hand of the master.

Brahms carried his chin in, and the crown of his head high. He was infinitely good-natured, met everybody on an equality, without either abasement or condescension. He was modest, never pushed himself to the front, and was always ready to listen. A talented performer who can listen well, is sure to be loved. And yet when Brahms went forward to play, there was just a suggestion of indifference to his hearers in his manner, and a half-haughty self-confidence that won before he had sounded a note. We always believe in people who believe in themselves.

Young Brahms brought a letter of introduction from

JOHANNES Joachim. But that was nothing—Joachim was always
BRAHMS giving letters to everybody. He was like the men who sign every petition that is presented; or those other good men who give certificates of character to people they do not know, and letters of recommendation to those they have no use for.

So the letter went for little with Robert Schumann—it was the way Brahms approached the piano, and settled his hands and great shock head over the keyboard, that won ~~ff~~ ff

"He is no beginner," whispered Clara to Robert, before Johannes had touched a key.

It did n't take Brahms long to get acquainted—he mixed well. In a few days he dropped into that half affectionate way of calling his host and hostess by their first names, & they in turn called him "Johannes." And to me this is very beautiful, for at the last, souls are all of one age. More and more we are realizing that getting old is only a bad habit. The only man who is old is the one who thinks he is. Of course these remarks about age do not exactly apply just here, for no member of the trinity we are discussing was advanced in years. Robert was forty-three, Clara was thirty-four, and Johannes was twenty.

Johannes Brahms was thrice blest in being well born. His parents were middle-class people, fairly well-to-do. They proved themselves certainly more than middle-class in intellect, when they adopted the plan of being the companions and comrades of their children.

Johannes grew up with no slavish fear of "old folks." JOHANNES
He had worked with his father, studied with him; BRAHMS
learned lessons from books with his mother, and played
"four hands" with her at the piano, by the hour, just
for fun ~~ff~~

Then when Remenyi came that way with his violin,
and wanted a pianist, he took young Brahms. When
their lines crossed the line of Liszt, they played for
him at his inn; and then Liszt played for them.

This Remenyi was our own "Ol' Man Remenyi," who
passed over only a year or so ago. I wonder if he was
Ol' Man Remenyi then! He never really was an old
man, and that appellation was more a mark of esteem
than anything else—a sort of diminutive of good will.

~~ff~~ I met Remenyi at Chautauqua, where he spent a
month in 1893. He gave me my first introduction to the
music of Brahms, of whom he never tired of talking.
He considered Brahms without a rival,—the culmin-
ating flower of modern music; and if the Ol' Man
slightly exaggerated his own influence in bringing
Brahms out and presenting him to the world, I am not
the one to charge it up against his memory.

In explaining Brahms and his music, Remenyi used to
grow animated, and when words failed, he would say,
"Here, it was just like this,"—and then he would
seize his violin, the bow would wave through the air,
and the notes would tell you how Brahms transposed
Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata from A into B flat—a
feat he never could have performed if Remenyi had

JOHANNES BRAHMS not told him how ~~it~~. It was Remenyi who introduced Brahms to Joachim, and it was Joachim who introduced Brahms to Schumann, and it was Schumann's article, "New Paths," in the "Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik," that placed Brahms on a pedestal before the world. Brahms was not the great man that Schumann painted, Remenyi thought, but the idealization caused him to put forth a heroic effort to be what Clara and Robert considered him. So it was really these two who compelled him to push on: otherwise he might have relaxed into a mere concert performer or a leader of some subsidized band ~~it~~

Remenyi always seemed to me like a choice antique mosaic, a trifle weather-worn, set into the present. He used to quote Liszt as if he lived around the corner, & would criticise Wagner, and tell of Moescheles, Haertel, the Mendelssohns, and the Schumanns, as if they might all gather tomorrow and play for us at the Hall in the Grove ~~it~~ ~~it~~

Recently I met dear old Herr Kappes, eighty years young, who knew the Mendelssohns, and admired Brahms, and loved Clara Schumann, & liked Remenyi—sometimes. They were too much alike, I fear, to like each other all the time. But the harmony is still in the heart of Herr Kappes. He gives music lessons, and lectures, and will explain to you just where and how Brahms differs from Schumann, and where Schubert separates from both. Herr Kappes can speak five languages, but even with them all, he finds difficulty in

making his meaning clear, and at times adopts the JOHANNES Remenyi plan, and will just turn to the piano and cry, BRAHMS "It's like this, see! Schumann wrote it in this way"—and then the strong hands will chase the keys down and back and over and up. "But Brahms took the motif and set it like this"—and Herr Kappes will strike the bass a thunderous stroke—pause, look at you, glide back and down, up and over, and you are carried away in a swirl of sweet sounds, and see a pink face framed in its beautiful aureole of white hair. You listen but you do not "see" the fine distinctions he is explaining, simply because you do not care—Herr Kappes is all there is of it, so animated, so gentle, so true, and so lovable,—because he used to pay court to Fanny Mendelssohn and then transferred his affections to Clara Schumann, & now just loves his art, & everybody.



JOHANNES
BRAHMS



CHUMANN'S article, "New Paths," determined Brahms' career. He must either live up to the mark there had been set for him—or run away. Here is an extract from Robert's estimate:

"Ten years have passed away, as many as I formerly devoted to the publication of this paper—since I have allowed myself to commit my opinions to this soil, so rich in memories. Often in spite of an overstrained productive activity, I have felt moved to do so; many new and remarkable talents have made their appearance, and a fresh musical power seemed about to reveal itself among the many aspiring artists of the day, even if their compositions were only known to the few. I thought to follow with interest the pathways of these elect; there would—there must—after such promise, suddenly appear one who should utter the highest ideal expression of the times, who should claim the mastership by no gradual development, but burst upon us fully equipped, as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter. And he has come, this chosen youth, over whose cradle the Graces and Heroes seem to have kept watch. His name is Johannes Brahms; he comes from Hamburg where he has been working in quiet obscurity, instructed by an excellent, enthusiastic teacher in the most difficult principles of his art, and lately introduced to me by an honored and well

known master. His mere outward appearance assures JOHANNES us that he is one of the elect. Seated at the piano, he BRAHMS disclosed wondrous regions. We were drawn into an enchanted circle. Then came a moment of inspiration which transformed the piano into an orchestra of wailing and jubilant voices. There were sonatas, or rather veiled symphonies, songs whose poetry revealed itself without the aid of words, while throughout them all ran a vein of deep song-melody, several pieces of a half-demonic character, but of charming form; then sonatas for piano and violin, string quartettes, and each of these creations so different from the last, that they appeared to flow from so many different sources. Then, like an impetuous torrent, he seemed to unite these streams into a foaming waterfall; over the tossing waves the rainbow presently stretches its peaceful arch, while on the banks butterflies flit to and fro, and the nightingale warbles her song. Whenever he bends his magic wand towards great works, and the powers of orchestra and chorus lend him their aid, still more wonderful glimpses of the ideal world will be revealed to us. May the Highest Genius help him onward! Meanwhile another genius—that of modesty—seems to dwell within him. His comrades greet him at his first step in the world, where wounds may perhaps await him, but the bay and the laurel also; we welcome this valiant warrior!"

Robert Schumann had been before the public as essayist, poet, pianist, and composer for twenty years. He

JOHANNES BRAHMS had given himself without stint to almost every musical enterprise of Germany, and his sympathy was constantly on tap for every needy and aspiring genius. You may give your purse—he who takes it, takes trash—but to give your life's blood & then hope for a renewal of life's lease, is vain. The public man owes to himself and his Maker the duty of reserve.

“The desert and mountain are very necessary to the individual who gives himself to the public. That any man should so bestride the narrow world like a colossus that the multitude must stop to gaze, and thousands feed upon his words, is an abnormal condition. The only thing that can hold the balance true is solitude. Relaxation is the first requirement of strength. Watch the cat, the tiger or the lion asleep. See what complete absence of intensity—what perfect relaxation! It is all a preparation for the spring.

Schumann had not sought the mountain, nor abandoned himself to the woods in old shoes, corduroys and a flannel shirt. Now he was paying the penalty of publicity. Virtue had gone out of him; and in the article just quoted, there are signs that he is clutching for something. He hails this new star and proclaims him, because in some way he feels that the ruddy, valiant & youthful Brahms is to consummate his work. Brahms is an extension of himself. It is a part of that longing for immortality—we perpetuate ourselves in our children and look for them to accomplish what we have been unable to do.

Johannes Brahms was the spiritual son of Robert JOHANNES Schumann. # #

In less than a year after Brahms and Schumann first met, there were ominous signs and evil portents in the air. "Why do you play so fast, dear Johannes? I beg of you, be moderate!" cried Robert on one occasion. Brahms turned, and his quick glance caught the ashy face and blood-shot eyes of a sick man. His reply was a tear and a hand-grasp.

Soon, to Schumann, all music was going at a gallop, and in his ears forever rang the sound of A. He could hear naught else. Tenderness, patience, and even love, were of no avail. Indeed, love is not exempt from penalty—the law of compensation never rests. Nature forever strives for a right adjustment, & so sends satiety after license # #

The richness and intensity of Schumann's life were bought with a price. The first year after his marriage he composed one hundred and thirty-eight songs. Sonatas, scherzos, symphonies and ballads followed fast, and in it all his gifted wife had gloried.

But when in 1854 Robert had, after sleepless nights, in a fit of frenzy, thrown himself into the Rhine, and had been rescued, shattered, unable to recognize even his nearest friends—the loyal and devoted wife saw where she herself had erred.

Writing to Brahms she says, "I encouraged him in his work, and this fired his ambition to do and to become. Oh! why did I not restrain that intensity and

JOHANNES send him away into the solitude to be a boy; to do
BRAHMS nothing but frolic and play and bathe in the sunshine,
and eat and sleep? The life of an artist is death. Kill
ambition, my Brother!"

Activity and rest—both are needed. The idea of the
"retreat" in the Catholic Church is founded on stern,
hygienic science. Wagner's forced exile was not
without its advantages, & the "retreats"
of Paganini and the "retirements"
of Liszt were very useful
factors in the evolution
of their art.





OR the malady that beset Robert JOHANNES Schumann, there was no cure save BRAHMS death; his only rest, the grave. When his spirit passed away in 1856, he was attended by his devoted wife & the faithful Brahms. Owing to the insidious creeping of the disease, Schumann's affairs had got into bad shape; and it

was now left to Brahms, more than all others, to smooth the way of life for the stricken wife and her fatherless brood.

The versatility and sturdy common sense of Brahms were now in evidence. In business affairs he was ready, decisive, and systematic. And the delicacy, tact and charming good nature he ever showed, reveal the man as a most extraordinary figure. Great talent is often bought at a price—how well we know this, especially with musicians! But Brahms was sane on all subjects. He could take care of his own affairs, lend a needed hand with others, but never meddle—smile with that half sardonic grimace at all foolish little things, weep with the stricken when calamity came; yet above it all the little man towered, carrying himself like the giant that he was. And yet he never made the mistake of taking himself too seriously. "I am trying to run opposition to Michael Angelo's Moses," he once called to Dietrich, as he leaned out of the window in the sunshine, and stroked his flowing beard.

JOHANNES & In his later years many have testified to this Jove-
BRAHMS like quality that Brahms diffused by his presence. No
one could come into his aura and fail to feel his sense
of power. Around such souls is a sacred circle—
if you are allowed to come within this
boundary, it is only by sufferance;
and within this space only the
pure in heart can dwell.





OLSTOY in "Anna Karenina" JOHANNES
speaks of that quiet, constant BRAHMS
light to be seen on the faces of
those who are successful—those
who know that their success is
acknowledged by the world.

Brahms was a successful man by
temperament, for success (like
East Aurora) is a condition of

mind. There is no tragedy for those who do not accept
tragedy; and the treatment we receive from others is
only our own reflected thought.

Brahms thought well of everybody, if he thought of
any one at all. He reveled in the sunshine, and every-
where made friends of children. "We saw Johannes
Brahms on the hotel veranda at Domodossola," wrote
a young woman to me in 1895, "and what do you
think?—he was on all fours, with three children on his
back, riding him for a horse!"

For many years Brahms used to make an annual pil-
grimage to Italy, and often on these tours at fairs he
would fall in with gypsy bands. At such times he would
always stop to listen, and would lustily applaud the
performance. On one such occasion, Dietrich tells, the
leader recognized Brahms, and instantly rapped for
silence. He was seen to pass the whispered word
along, and then the band struck up one of Brahms'
pieces, greatly to the composer's delight.

He was a man of the people, and I am glad to know

JOHANNES BRAHMS that he hated a table d' hôte, smiled a smile of derision at all dress coats, had small sympathy with pink teas, loved his friends, doted on babies, and was never so happy as when in the country walking along grass-grown lanes in the early summer morning, when the dew was on and the air was melodious with the song of birds. He had a habit of going bare-headed, carrying his hat in his hand; and on these country walks, always with bare head, he would sing or whistle, and unconsciously in his mind the music would be taking shape, that was to be written out later in the quiet of his study §§

Brahms knew the world—not simply one little part of it—he knew it as thoroughly as any man can, and was interested in it all. He knew the world of workers,—the toilers and bearers of burdens. He knew the weak and the vicious, and his heart went out to them in sympathy; for he knew his own heart and realized the narrow margin that separates the so-called "good" man from the alleged "bad." He knew that sin is only a wrong expression of life, and reacts to the terrible disadvantage of the sinner.

He was interested in mechanics—bookbinding, printing, iron-working, carpentry, and was familiar with all new inventions and labor-saving devices. He knew the methods of farming, the different breeds of cattle; he knew what soil would produce best a certain crop and understood "rotation." He could call the wild-birds by name and imitate their notes, and studied

long their haunts and habits. That excellent man and JOHANNES talented, George Herschel, in a letter to a friend speaks BRAHMS of walking with Brahms along the highway, and Brahms suddenly calling in alarm, "Look out! look out! you may kill it!"

It was only a tumble-bug, but he shrank from putting foot on any living thing. Brahms revered all life, and felt in his heart that he was brother to that bug in the dust, to the birds that chirruped in the hedgerows, and to the stately trees that lifted their out-stretching branches to the sun.

He was deeply religious—although he never knew it. All music is a hymn of praise, a song of thanksgiving, a chant of faith. Music is a making manifest to our dull ears the divine harmony of the universe, and thus all music is sacred music, and all true musicians are priests, for by their ministrations we are made to realize our Oneness with the Whole. Through music we read the Universal.

Music is the only one of the arts that cannot be prostituted to a base use. We hear of bad books, of the "Index Expurgatorius," and in every state there are laws against the publication of immoral books and indecent pictures. We also hear of orders issued by the courts requiring certain statues to be removed or veiled, but no indictment can be brought against music. It is the only one of the arts that is always pure. Brahms realized this and felt the dignity of his office, holding high the standard; and yet he knew

JOHANNES that the toilers in the fields were doing a service to
BRAHMS humanity, just as necessary as his own. And possibly this is why he uncovered, walking with bared head. All is holy, all is good,—it is all God's world, and all the men and women in it are His children.





OR just forty-three years Brahms **JOHANNES** was the faithful and devoted friend **BRAHMS** of Clara Schumann. Although she was thirteen years his senior, yet their spirits were as children together. From the first he was "Johannes" to her, and she was "Clara" to him. A few of their letters have recently been published in the "Revue des deux Mondes," and this woman, who was a great-grandmother, and had sixty years before captured a world, then in her seventy-fifth year, wrote to her "Dear Johannes" with all the gentle fervor of a girl of twenty, congratulating him on some recent success. In reply he writes back to his "Dear Clara" in gracious banter; mentions rheumatism in his legs as an excuse for bad penmanship; hopes she is keeping up her practice; tells of a "Steinway Grand" that someone has sent him, and regrets that she does not come to try it "four hands," as he has failed utterly to get the melody out of it alone that he knows is there.

Brahms never married—the bond between himself and Clara was too sacred to allow another to sever or share it. And yet the relationship was so high, so frank, so openly avowed, that no breath of scandal has ever smirched it. The purity and excellence of it all has been its own apology, as love ever should be its own excuse for being.

JOHANNES BRAHMS For about three months every year these two friends dwelt near each other. Together they worked, composed, sang, read, wrote, and roamed the woods. "None of Madam Schumann's children is as young as she is," wrote Dr. Hanslick, when Clara was sixty and Johannes forty-seven. "Brahms is cultivating a patriarchal beard with the hope of passing for her father," continues Hanslick.

In his "Essay on Friendship," Emerson speaks of the folly of forcing our personal presence on the friend we love best, and of the faith that ideality brings. Something of this thought is shown in the letters of Madame Schumann to Brahms, & in his to her. Often for six months they would not meet, he doing his work in his own way, she doing hers, but each ever conscious of the life and love of the other—feeding on the ideal—writing or not writing, but glorying in each other's triumphs. Lives linked first by the love of a third person, cemented by dire calamity, and then fused by a oneness of hope and aspiration. Brahms' nature was too decidedly masculine, that is to say, one-sided, to exist without the love of woman; Clara Schumann, gentle, generous, motherly, plastic, needed Johannes no less than he needed her.

When Clara's spirit passed away in May, 1896, Brahms attended her funeral at Frankfort. Hero that he was in body and spirit, the shock unnerved him. No rebound came—every bodily faculty seemed to have lost its buoyancy. The doctors tried to cheer him by telling

him that he had no organic ailment, and that twenty JOHANNES years of life and work were before him. He knew better, and told them so. Men do not live any longer than they wish to. "Shall I live to see the anniversary of her death?" asked Brahms of the doctor in March, 1897. "Oh, undoubtedly—you can live many years if you only will to," was the answer. Three weeks later—on April 3d—Max Kalbrech telegraphed to Widmann, "Brahms fell asleep early this morning."



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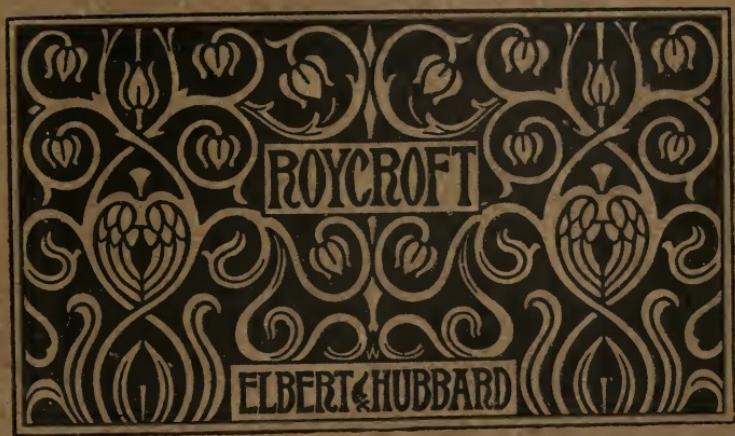
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